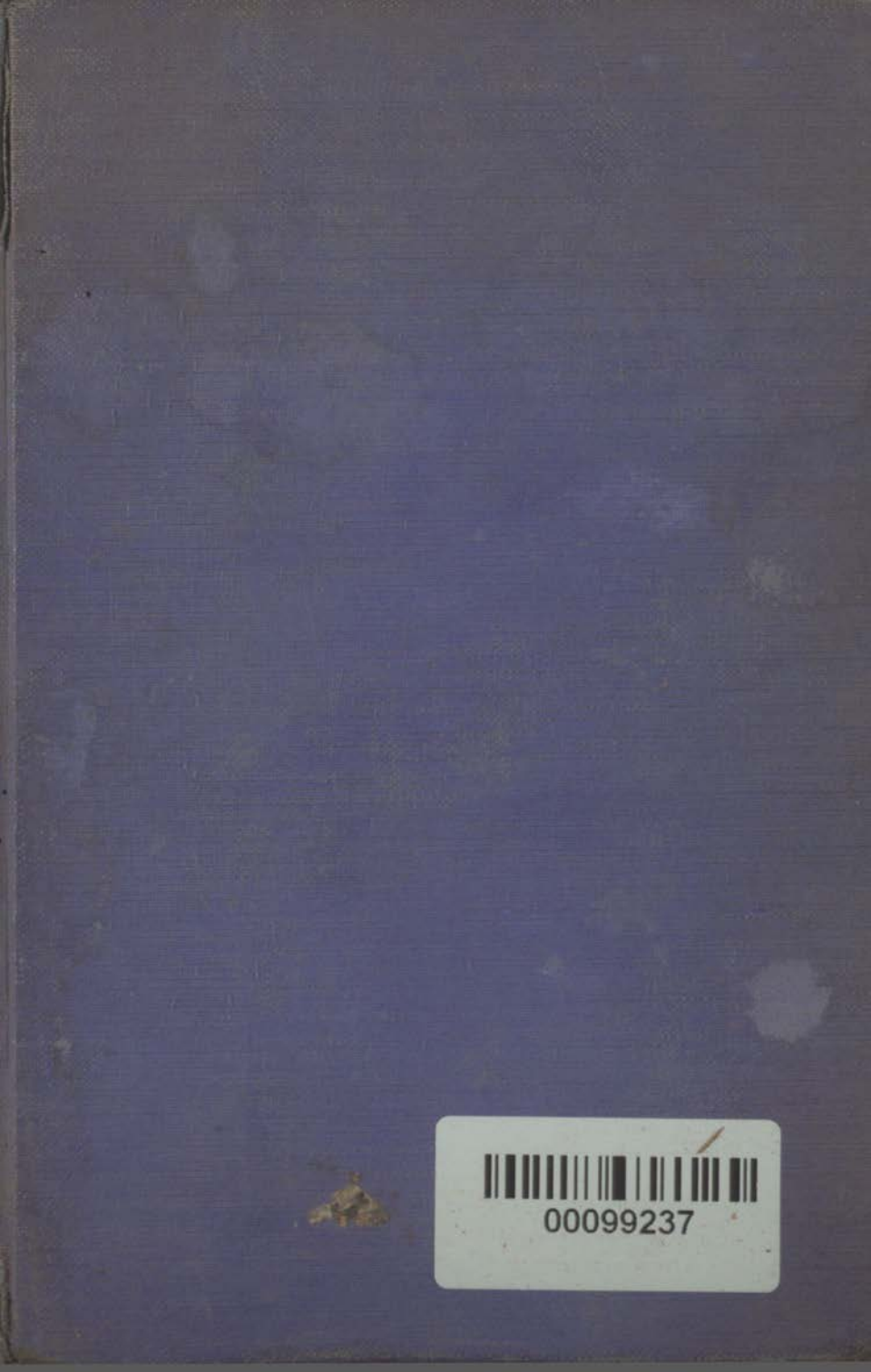
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WHAT I FOUND OUT

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IN THE HOUSE OF A GERMAN PRINCE

BY

AN ENGLISH GOVERNESS

99237

SIXTH EDITION

LONDON
CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.
1915

91237

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., S.E.,
AND BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

WHAT I FOUND OUT

I

By a coincidence, it was five years ago, on the day of my internment in a German castle last August (1914), that I undertook to teach English and other things to the children of that castle's owner. During four of those years I did my duty to my three little charges as well as I knew how. For the rest of the time, up to two days before the declaration of war between France and Germany, my conduct may have been questionable: but that was because I put duty to my country ahead of duty to the family of a German prince. They were my employers; they trusted me, and I am not sure whether I decided rightly or wrongly. All I know is that I would do the same if I had to live through the experience again.

Perhaps there is no excuse for writing this

account of what I heard and saw and guessed of the political situation, while employed by a prince distantly related to the German Emperor, and not entirely unconnected with the German General Staff. If there is an excuse, it lies in frankness as far as frankness is decently possible; but it is not decently possible, situated as I have been, where the name and identity of that Prince are concerned. He, and the Princess his wife, did their best for me, even at the end, in difficulty and even danger. I feel that I owe them loyalty and a certain amount of gratitude in spite of what I have gone through : and where they come into this narrative I am bound to sacrifice realism.

As for the most important men who visited them, it is different. I owe those persons nothing, and see no reason for disguising their names. Most of them have now, of their own accord, thrown off their peace-masks, and revealed themselves as enemies of England, if not of humanity, outside German "kultur." What I have to tell will but show how long they have held their present sentiments.

Before I begin upon my German experiences

of four years' duty and one year's virtual spying, I must explain how I happened to be in my rather exceptional situation.

My father, an Englishman of good birth, had a small post in the diplomatic service in Washington, when he was a young man. He married an American girl, the daughter of a naval officer who, in the course of his travels round the world, met the present Kaiser before he came to the throne, and the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia. My American grandfather always said that his meetings with these and other interesting personages abroad had come about through his knowledge of languages, German, French, Italian and Spanish. It was to please him that, when I was small, I was given a German governess while we lived in Washington. I hated her, and everything she taught me, little thinking what her instruction meant for my future. No doubt I owe her, indirectly, the one and great adventure of my life.

While I was a little girl, my father's career brought him back to England, where my mother died. When I was old enough, I was sent to Queen's College, and my education

went on until my father's death, when I was eighteen. I was left with little money, and took up shorthand and typewriting, hoping for a secretarial post: but some influential cousins of my father's met an American politician visiting London, who wanted a young English governess-companion for his fifteen-year-old daughter. I was engaged, and returned to Washington, where I was born and lived till I was eight years old. Only a few weeks after I settled down there again, to work, Prince Henry of Prussia arrived in America on his celebrated peace-making visit of 1902, after the Manila imbroglio. He was agreeable to everybody, because that was his mission; and among others to my employers. I was presented to him, because I could speak German, and because of my sailor grandfather, whose name was always used wherever I went to give me a kind of importance.

Prince Henry was very gracious, and pretended out of politeness to remember his "brother sailor, that so distinguished American."

"How is it that, unlike most English and American young ladies, you love my language

better than French?" the Prince asked me.

I answered that I did not love it better, but I loved Goethe and Schiller (I dared not say Heine), and enjoyed reading them and other authors unspoiled by translation: I adored Wagner, too, and could not bear to miss a word sung by the characters when I heard his operas.

This quite pleased the sailor Prince, who, in spite of his bluff airs, prides himself on being a judge of poets. He said that, unlike his brother the Kaiser, he shared my admiration of Wagner, and entered into a conversation with me on the strength of our mutual tastes. I did not see him again after that day, however, until we met years later in London. He came to see Lord ——, an old friend of his, and, hearing that I was acting as "social secretary" to Lady ——, said he would like to renew our acquaintance. I was sent for, and Prince Henry asked me a number of questions about the years which had passed since we last met. He looked older, and I thought his resemblance to the Tsar had increased.

"What, you such a student of German and

our great Germans, and you have never been to Germany?" he exclaimed. "You ought to go. I know the right place for you, and I will bear you in mind."

I ventured an inquiry about the "place" in question, but Prince Henry shook his head. "We must have patience," he answered in his very good English, with a funny smile. "The place is not ripe yet!"

Whether he did bear me in mind, or whether it all came about by accident, I have never been sure, although afterwards, in Germany, Prince Henry claimed the credit. All I know for certain is, that in the year 1909 a great lady of the Prussian aristocracy wrote to my employer as a social authority, acquainted with German as well as British customs, asking if she could recommend some well-born, well-educated Englishwoman as governess for three children in the household of a prince. There were two sons of the Prince and his consort who were big enough to begin lessons, and a little girl, some years older, an orphaned niece of the Princess, who was being brought up with her cousins. It was preferred that the governess should be under thirty, because,

though the position would be a responsible one, it was a theory of the Princess that only a young woman was fitted to play with children, taking a real interest in their sport and studies. A knowledge of German and fluent speaking of the language were essential, as many members of the household understood little English.

Just at this time I was in the midst of a love affair which could not possibly end happily, and I had told Lady —— that it would be better for me to go away. Nothing had been arranged, though I was thinking of America again, and Lady —— asked me what I thought of applying for this post in Germany.

The thought of the responsibility, and the sort of people I should meet, frightened me. I hate royal and semi-royal etiquette, which is stultifying to the minds of the marionettes obliged to bob and simper and stand about, breaking their backs and hearts, waiting on the Great Ones' convenience. I knew many women would envy me such a chance, but I should have been inclined to leave it free for one of the envious, if Lady —— had not over-persuaded me. She said that I would be among

those who were making the history of the world, faster in one year than in old times it could be made in twenty, and that I would be a fool if I did not snap at the opportunity. I realized that she was right. She recommended me for the place, and it seemed that I was acceptable. A good deal of red tape had to be measured out; but as such things go it was not long before I was on my way to Germany, alone and nervous over the future.

Before I started I had heard a thousand stories about the Prince and Princess. Everybody had something pleasant or unpleasant to tell as a preparation or warning before beginning my new life. All the tales were so contradictory that I would not pin my faith to any. It was better to meet the Prince and Princess with an open mind, believing only the *Almanach de Gotha*. That useful volume told me that my employers were still young: that the Princess was partly French and had even a longer succession of ancestors than her husband: that the latter was of high rank in the army for a man of his age: and that they possessed a palace in Berlin, one in a smaller

town of Prussia, a "Schloss" in the Black Forest, and another on the Rhine. It told also the ages of the two boys old enough to come out of their nurse's care to that of a governess, and the age of their girl-cousin as well as all about her complicated ancestry.

Just before I left a telegram arrived with a change of instructions. Instead of proceeding to the summer residence at P——, I was to go to the Rhine castle, as some contagious disease of children had broken out at P——, and my charges had been whisked away. This was an easier journey; and as a castle on the Rhine sounded romantic, I was pleased.

It was afternoon when I reached the station nearest the castle, and was met by a closed grey motor-car, with a crown and crest on the door; a large, comfortable car with springy seats and windows all round, even at the back, the glass protected with wire so that, if it broke, no splinters could fly. It was not new, evidently, but was just the thing for children, and, of course, had been made in Germany, as I saw by a glance at the name on the brass hub of the wheels. I heard afterwards that this car had been presented to the Princess, for

her boys, by Prince Henry of Prussia, who has almost made motoring as a sport in Germany, and is also interested in the financial side.

It was foolish to be depressed by a trifle, but the hard look in the light blue eyes of the chauffeur and footmen made me feel that I was a foreigner, a specimen from a nation not well loved. I had heard that German servants were charming, especially those in the households of the higher aristocracy; but these correct automata squeezed into their smart yet quiet livery, with shining banded hats too small for their bullet heads, struck me as more unsympathetic than the most statuesque British product. They were Prussians: and in their stony manner I received the first hint of the Prussian dislike for everything English which was to startle me on almost every side.

Few people in my train got out at that station, but those who did and those already there, stared with interest when they saw the livery of the servants. They stared in that unblinking way in which Germans, I have found, are rivalled only by babies who have

not had it dinned into their heads that it is rude to stare at their fellow-beings. But then, Germans do not stare at those whom they consider fellow-beings. They reserve the habit for foreigners.

The stone castle overlooking the Rhine came up to my expectation at first sight. It is one of the few castles of the old, unspoiled German style occupied by personages of the highest world, most of whose favoured residences are French, or classic in architecture, and I was delighted with the cobble-paved courtyard tenanted with doves, into which opened immense, iron-barred, nail-studded doors of oak. A fat, red-faced old man in livery and pink stockings ushered me from the motor, past an apparently empty guardroom, up a few steps into a hall, stone flagged and stone walled. He looked like a coloured caricature of a German in a French paper; but I thought him more human than the attendants of the car. He beamed respectfully when I spoke in German, and answered with the soft accent, the " ish " instead of " ich " which means the south. That accounted for the difference in his nature. I was expected, it seemed, and a

" gnädiges Frau " would appear in an instant, to show me my rooms. Even as he spoke the " gracious lady " in question appeared, hurrying towards me and waddling slightly. She was elderly, with a worn face, thin except for the lower part, where all the flesh had settled loosely, leaving the eyes hollow and cheeks dragged. Her body, however, was stout and heavy, propelled by her as if with an effort, and a sidelong motion as though the hip-sockets were stiff. Afterwards I noticed that almost all elderly Germans, not only women, but men (except officers), seem to resign themselves to this middle-aged awkwardness, which gives them the effect of moving tables and chairs. She had tired eyes, as if life were dull and savourless, and I did not know enough about German women to be sure whether she were a lady, or " not quite "; but she introduced herself with a sweet smile as the nurse of " die kleine Prinzessin." Volubly she apologized because there was no more suitable person to welcome me to the castle, but, she explained, their Highnesses were not in residence. The children had been rushed away from " home " in haste, almost confusion,

owing to the scare about the epidemic, and their Highnesses had not been able to break their engagements for the coming month. Indeed, they never visited Schloss ——, which, though kept in a state of preparation, was seldom occupied, and then only by guests to whom the place was lent.

"Would you believe it, gracious Miss," said the little Princess's nurse, with her south German accent, "an American family of millionaires this very summer had the impertinence to make overtures to their Highnesses for the letting of the castle to them. No German, even of the middle class, would let his house furnished. But their Highnesses! Can you imagine anything so unheard of? The Americans seemed to think their money could do anything. But forgive me! I mean no slight upon your people. I am sure there are not many so ignorant."

I assured Frau Z—— that I was not offended. "I'm American only on my mother's side," I explained. "My father was English, so I am a British subject."

The good creature looked nonplussed. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "We have been given

to understand that you were more American than English. I beg your pardon a thousand times, Miss, if I outstep my place; but you have just come to this country, and perhaps things will be difficult. If I were you, and if you will pardon me, I would not say too much at first about being English, as you don't want to create prejudice."

I was tempted to retort that I had been engaged because I was an Englishwoman, and that I was proud of being one. I held my tongue on second thoughts, however, because I could see that the woman meant to be kind and helpful. I called my sense of humour to the rescue, and told myself that her hints were funny. That sense of humour was destined to be worked hard in the next few months and years, and in much the same way.

The castle was small, not nearly so large as some of the houses where I had been in England, but it was intricate, and when Frau Z—— had led me through stone corridors and up and down turret stairs to my quarters I was afraid that I should never find my way down again. Two rooms opening out of each other were assigned to me, both small, with little deep-set

windows, but the sitting-room had a lovely view. I fancied that it must have been intended for a bedroom, and the tiny adjoining chamber for a dressing-room, for the German bed was too large for its place, and had to stand across the window. There was little furniture, and what there was did not match; but it was old, heavy oak and walnut much polished; and there was a red lacquer Chinese cabinet to be used as a desk. The walls were wainscoted, but hung with French cretonne to give an air of cheerfulness: and a sofa had been put well out of draughts in the sitting-room. It was covered with blue brocade which screamed at everything else. In vases, there were stiffly squeezed in bunches of roses with short stems, but there was not a book to be seen. Though the weather was hot, the three windows of the two rooms were all shut, a trick they had, I learned later, to keep coolness in and heat out.

Frau Z—— apologized because my rooms were far away from a bath. Only a few baths had been contrived into the castle, she said, and those a long time ago when such things first began to be used; but I could have a tub

brought in: and I must not think the family were so old-fashioned at their other residences. They had plenty of baths in the palaces at P—— and Berlin, and even some in the Schwarzwald. Oh yes, everything of the most modern, better than in any other country, she had heard: but I must make the best of things for a short time here with the children. They were looking forward to the meeting with me, especially the little Princess, who was old enough to understand more than her cousins. Would I like to have coffee, or perhaps tea, and rest before being introduced to my charges, or would I be able to go to them immediately after some refreshment?

I saw that she was anxious to take me to the children, so I said that I was not tired, and needed only to wash off the dust and drink a cup of tea. Frau Z—— seemed relieved, and said, "In half an hour then, Miss, I will return."

Half an hour seemed short grace: but I offered no objection, and made myself as respectable as I could before drinking the tea brought on an old *repoussé* silver tray. The tea was stewed, with a quantity of leaves which

burst out and choked the strainer, but the cream and *Kuchen* were good. Before I had finished, Frau —— returned, to take me to the children. She apologized for the tea leaves, saying that the service here was old-fashioned, and I could judge nothing from what I saw at Schloss —— of the real homes of their Highnesses. She evidently wished me to believe that Berlin, Potsdam and other great towns I should find superior to England.

Frau Z——, with that far more important person, the nurse of the little Princes, were, I discovered, the only two "highly placed" women of middle-aged responsibility who had accompanied my charges. There were several young under-nurses, servants to their superiors; and there was a resident "Hofmeisterin" in the castle, a formidable dame who had no belief in any woman (saving always the Empress and other German royalties) except herself. The Princes' nurse was a Scotswoman, I was told by Frau Z——, and I was given to understand that Mrs. M—— was feigning a headache, to avoid coming to welcome me, which she had been expected to do. In her opinion the boys were not old enough to need a governess in

addition to a nurse, and she resented my appearance even more than that of the Herr Leutnant von X——, a sort of "military governor" whose business it was to teach the elder Prince to be soldierly in mind and body. In the opinion of Mrs. M——, if it were necessary to have him, it was certainly not necessary to have *me!*

"The boys worship the Herr Leutnant already," said Frau Z——, "although he has been with them only a week. They think it is a grand thing to be in the society of a soldier, a grown man. Besides, he has been a pupil of Count Zeppelin, and he has brought a game which the Count invented and ordered to be made for the Princes, to teach them a warlike spirit. We shall find the children playing it now, and their cousin, my little Princess, also. They have begged to finish destroying London before their supper."

Perhaps I opened my eyes at this announcement, and again Frau Z——, who with the best intentions was always saying the wrong thing, broke into apologies. "It is only children's play," she explained, "and you mustn't think anything of it. One must give

the towns they play with *some* name, and to-day it happens to be London."

I was overcome with curiosity to see this game invented by Count Zeppelin for little boys — a game so absorbing that children preferred it to supper.

II

SCHLOSS —— has a garden, surrounded by forest lands: and at one end of this garden—stiffly formal, not well kept but charming, is a *Kegelbahn* or bowling alley, protected by a high glass roof. As Frau Z—— and I followed a path hedged with roses, shrieks of joy floated to us from the *Kegelbahn.*

"They have succeeded, perhaps!" exclaimed my guide, pleased and excited.

"Is it a sort of war game?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she replied. "The Princes do not care for any other kind, and my Princess likes what they like. She is getting to be a regular boy."

"But the Princes are so young," I said. "The elder one can't be more than six, and the younger five. What do he and his younger brother know about war?"

"You will be surprised, Miss, at their cleverness," the woman assured me. "They

think they know all about it. They are nothing if not soldiers. They have been the same, I hear, almost from the time they left their cradles. Anyhow, they have since I knew them."

Our voices were evidently heard through the yells of the small warriors, for a tall, rather raw-boned woman of about fifty, whose sandy-red hair was turning grey, came out from between the supporting pillars of the *Kegelbahn* to meet us. She came with more dignity than haste, and the expression on her large-featured face was critical. Nevertheless, I liked the look of her, and felt sure it would be well if I could have her for a friend. Maybe she saw this in my eyes, for her greenish grey ones softened, and the prim figure in the grey linen dress (the Princess cannot bear black worn by anyone who comes near her) lost something of its rigidity. After all, blood is stronger than water, or German beer, and Mrs. M—— (she was a spinster really, but was called "Mrs." as a sign of respect) and I were both British, among Germans.

She took a few steps along the path and remarked, in the accent of Perthshire, that she

was sorry not to have been able to meet me when I arrived. She had "one of her headaches." Besides, Frau Z—— could be better spared, for the Princess was never so unruly as the Princes when left alone.

"It does me good to see someone from our side," she added, and I felt flattered as by a compliment from a queen.

"If it wasn't for that game," she went on, "the children would have been all over you by this time, but just for the minute they can't think of anything outside the messy pills of flour they call 'bombs.' We may as well wait here till the play's over, for all the notice you'll get them to take of you."

"Can't we peep in?" I inquired. "I should like to see them." I might have added, "and what they are doing:" but, though none of the ideas of caution which came to me in future had entered my head then, I left the sentence unsupplemented.

Yes, we might peep, was the concession. I was led forward, between the nurses—the fat, short German Frau, and the tall British female grenadier—to a post of observation. The two, as different in nature as in nationality, regarded

the " game " they escorted me to witness, with good nature, but my first glimpse gave me a shock. The instant I realized what the children were doing, it struck me as horrible that innocent little souls should be encouraged to work destruction. Afterwards (I am ashamed to confess now) my helplessness to protest against the " game " and others more or less like it, chilled me into resignation. The children themselves and their elders seemed to take all sorts of *Kriegspiele,* or war plays, so light-heartedly that I tried to convince myself of their harmlessness. It was the German idea to inflame the martial spirit of boys from babyhood, in every way, no matter what way : and so—*le voila !* There was nothing to do about it.

The *Kegelbahn* had a wooden floor, raised one step above the surrounding grass, and on this solid flat foundation a city had been erected—a city of churches, theatres, shops and houses, a few of the largest seeming to be built up of separate pieces. There were parks, too, with tiny upstanding trees, mossy imitation grass on wooden trays, and sheets of " pretend " water made, not of glass, but glittering mica. At

first glance the thing was like a glorified kindergarten game on a scale suited only to rich nurseries; but no kindergarten game that I had ever heard of had any such development as this invention of the great Count Zeppelin's. While one small golden-headed boy looked on, jumping up and down in his emotion, an older, dark-haired laddie, a weedy girl of seven or eight, and an excited young officer in uniform each manipulated a miniature airship over the threatened city.

These airships, so far as an amateur could tell at a superficial glance, were carried out with quite a clever outward realism, except that the sausage-shaped balloons were too big in proportion to the tiny cars suspended from them. The toys were propelled through the air by mechanism, but were guided in any direction desired, slowed down or stopped by means of a long grey string attached to each. There was also another string, not so thick as the grey one which matched the shade of the car. This was bright red in colour, and its use was demonstrated while I looked. The elder prince, who was playing, drew in his Zeppelin, which he had been allowing to career about aimlessly as if

to frighten the population. Having made it pause, buzzing audibly like a cheap watch or a mechanical insect, he pulled the red string, whereupon a shower of white pills tumbled out from the bottom of the three- or four-inch car. They fell over one of the green spaces in the city, and most of them broke into powder, spattering the isinglass water.

"Worse than ever!" cried the lieutenant. "You drop too many always, and in the wrong places. Look at the white spots my bombs have left on important buildings! I never waste time or material. Now watch again the way I do it. I'm over Westminster Abbey——"

He stopped short. His back was turned to me, but the younger of the boys, who had squatted down in his little sailor suit, had caught sight of the intruder. The breaking off of a shout from him warned the officer that a stranger had arrived. He wheeled, saw me, blushed to the roots of his close-shaven light hair, and bowed with heels clicking together, looking rather ridiculous as he did so, with his airship pulling at the end of its string. The two elder children turned also, and, contrary to

Mrs. M——'s expectation, I proved to be a newer excitement than the game. Still hanging on to the strings of the toy Zeppelins, they gingerly picked their way round the outskirts of the city. I think Mrs. M—— was secretly grieved at having her prophecy falsified, for in many ways she was a child at heart: and childhood is jealous. She made the best of things, however, by telling the Princes to "shake hands nicely with the lady who had come such a long way to be their governess." She spoke in English, of course (her conception of English), and the boys understood, though I soon learned that their way of talking English was original, to say the least.

It was not etiquette for persons of superior rank to be introduced to each other by inferiors: therefore, as the nurses dared not presume, and I was of the weaker sex, the officer had to take the initiative, as men must in Germany. He presented himself as Leutnant von X——, and then, the ice being officially broken, was in a position to make me acquainted with the Princes. They looked delightful boys, both appearing rather older than their age, six and five. (After them

another child had been born and died: and I have forgotten to say that I had already heard of the baby brother who had come with the others to the castle, a delicate little thing between one and two years old, attended by a doctor and a nurse as well as a foster-mother whose services had never been dispensed with.)

The elder of the two Princes was dark, with thick, square-cut hair, and large brown eyes set far apart. His nose was short, rather flat, and straight, with wide, restless nostrils, which with his pouting lips, gave the impression of a passionate nature. He had the air of taking life seriously, though his smile was brilliant, and he domineered over his brother. This small person was plump and blond, with a curly kink in his yellow hair, turquoise blue eyes fixed admiringly on his elder brother, a sweet, somewhat obstinate mouth, and a slightly receding chin.

Both princes inquired for my health, in their funny English, and then their cousin was pushed forward by Frau Z——. She was not pretty, and did not look interesting, being heavy of feature and body, with a largish

head, square high shoulders, and rather short legs. I feared that I should not be able to like her much, but I hoped that I might be allowed to suggest, some day, a more becoming fashion of doing her mouse-coloured hair. She, too, was polite, but her sharp grey eyes ran over me critically from head to foot. I felt that I was a legitimate object of curiosity because I was foreign.

As soon as the greetings were over, the children remembered their interrupted game, and wished to go on with it; but Leutnant von X—— was of opinion that they had played enough for that day.

"We have done good execution on the city," he congratulated his assistants, "and Mrs. M—— and Frau —— will want you all to get ready for your supper."

Then he threw a deprecating glance at me. "You must not think, gnädiges Fräulein," he said, "that we mean a bad welcome to you, because we have played at destroying your capital. It makes the game more interesting for intelligent children like these to pretend that they are attacking cities whose names they hear mentioned by grown-up people, and about

which they learn in geography and history. That is all. And it is a very harmless sport."

"Of course," I agreed. But now I had come close to the toy town, I could see that the principal buildings were recognizably modelled after those they were intended to represent. While Leutnant von X—— stabled the miniature Zeppelins in a big box with three divisions roughly copying airship sheds, I turned my attention to the city. It was surprisingly well done, and must have been as costly as it was clever. Different sections were fastened on to separate foundations, the parks, for instance, and Trafalgar Square with its fountains and dots of lions. Buckingham Palace with its gardens and tiny sparkle of lake was on the same wooden plateau as the Admiralty arch and buildings. Three railway stations were given; and I easily found St. Paul's with its dome, Westminster Abbey (which my arrival had saved) the Bank of England, the Tower, and the Tower Bridge. Of course, all London was not attempted, but there were less carefully designed models of big shops and flats; and it interested me to see that the

wooden foundations had all been accurately placed on a kind of map. This was printed in colours on a very large, elongated square of American cloth of a thin quality which could be conveniently rolled up when not in use. The coloured printing pictured streets, squares, and lesser parks, while blank spaces were left for the wooden foundations to which the buildings were attached. The Serpentine and the Thames were painted bright blue, and the latter, fringed with wharves and dotted with ships, meandered under the model of the Tower Bridge. On the roof of the Tower, the Bank of England and Buckingham Palace lay a thick sprinkling of white powder which testified to the accuracy of somebody's bombs, no doubt those of the Herr Leutnant! This could, however, be dusted off with whisk-brooms by footmen, before putting London into a box fitted with alphabetically numbered shelves, a duty which I soon learned was left to servants.

The younger of my Princes, who had been put out of action in the game, owing to bad practice, was resigned to the suggestion of supper; but the elder justified his aggressive

chin by resenting the edict, and was seconded in rebellion by the Princess. They would not go, or anyhow not until they had explained the game to me, and this the pair proceeded to do, jabbering both together as fast as they could in German; the only language in which the little girl, with her German nurse, was at home.

Fortunately my knowledge of the language was fairly equal to the strain thrown upon it, but the explanations were so confused and vague that Leutnant von X—— came to the rescue. He said that the game was a novelty still, as he had brought it with him to the home palace in P—— only a week ago, and had refused to let the children begin to play until they learned the rules and at least some of the intricacies.

"You see," he went on, "though it is but a *Kriegspiel* for infants, it has been worked out as a brain-relaxation by one of the most scientific minds of our country and century. When Count Zeppelin undertakes the smallest thing, it must be done with all his celebrated painstaking thoroughness. He was some time working out this game, in spare hours. He

intended it to commemorate for these children, and the Prince their father, his triumph last spring, with the thousand mile circuit, which has blotted out the misfortune of a year ago with Zeppelin IV, in Würtemberg. It is characteristic of the Count that the toys designed for the game are all calculated as far as possible according to scale. The balloons of the airships are a good deal too large, of course. They have to be, in order to lift even those tiny cars made of aluminium, for naturally we cannot manufacture hydrogen gas for children's amusement. Our balloons are filled only with common coal gas, and the servants have to get them inflated for us down below in the village, at the gas works. The frames are made of talc, and break easily, but they can be replaced more readily than anything else in the game, except the balloons themselves—of course there are no inner *ballonettes*, as in the case of the genuine Zeppelins. The toy buildings are all higher, too, than they ought to be mathematically, and the mechanism which moves the little cars is very crude, like that of a spring watch, wound up with a key, which quickly runs down. But all that

is of no importance. The interest and value of the game is in learning the height—calculated according to scale—from which bombs can do their work effectively, raising and lowering the Zeppelins and manipulating them skilfully on their guiding strings, practising how and where to drop bombs in order to do most damage to enemy property or forces, how to escape enemy aircraft and anti-airguns, and how to manœuvre in gales or avoid air disturbances. There are scientific rules laid down for all these details, but we have got no further in our practice yet than bomb dropping."

Leutnant von X—— intended me to be impressed, and I was impressed, though the more I heard, the less I approved of the *Kriegspiel* as an entertainment for children. I asked him how the anti-airguns and aircraft of the enemy were managed, and how the gales and air currents could be produced to order in the shelter of the *Kegelbahn*; but the lieutenant answered seriously that footmen with bellows would supply the adverse winds when that difficult stage of the game was arrived at. As for the enemy aircraft and

anti-airguns, they were represented only by calculations as to time, and cause and effect. "If we are unable to launch bombs effectively from a certain height, we must suppose ourselves damaged, or even destroyed, when attacking places known to be well defended. Or if we take more than a given number of minutes in operating, we have failed in our objective. Our successes are demonstrated by the traces of our 'bombs,' the little flour and sugar pellets of different sizes and weight. Prizes of new coins are what I offer players who do the most damage with the least cost of material and running the minimum of risk against the greatest odds. The aim is, of course, to demolish important strongholds or national treasures rather than to damage the greatest number of buildings."

"What about forts?" I inquired mischievously; but the officer suddenly bottled up his boyish enthusiasm and ceased to be expansive. Evidently guessing that I was trying to draw him out, he repeated rather self-consciously that the game was only meant by Count Zeppelin to amuse the children of a personal friend whom he wished to honour

as well as please. "The Count did not think it necessary to trouble himself about forts," Leutnant von X—— excused his idol. "Model cities make more entertaining toys than up-to-date fortifications which in real life can hardly be seen above ground. Besides," he added with a sheepish smile, "we do not anyhow need to concern ourselves about the forts of Great Britain."

I laughed, and he followed my example in a relieved way.

"You can't expect *me* to help you play at the destruction of London!" I warned him.

"Oh, no, you shall not be asked to do that, gnädiges Fräulein," he solemnly assured me. "We have only three Zeppelins at present, so you need not drop bombs unless you like; and I will tell the children never to expect you to join in setting up London for them to destroy. You can come into the game when we are at work on St. Petersburg."

"Good gracious! You have St. Petersburg as well as London in your repertoire!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and Paris too, of course," the elder of my Princes added proudly.

This item of news made me think that Count Zeppelin's joke had its serious as well as brutal side, and maybe I looked thoughtful, for Leutnant von X—— began apologizing for the game again.

"The Count thought that the boys would get tired of play if they had only one town to work on," he said. "Besides, the strategical lessons would soon be exhausted. That is why he ordered models of Paris and St. Petersburg to be made at the same time with London. But that does not matter much to you, gnädiges Fräulein, does it, so long as we do not attempt New York or Washington, or Boston? It will be quite a long time——"

I really did not mean to "sneak," when I silently took refuge behind a sickly smile. It was only because so many new impressions had been flung at my head that I was dazed for the minute. Afterwards, I thought that, in spite of advice from Frau Z——, I ought at once to have brought my Britishness to the Herr Leutnant's notice, in order to put him on guard. But when the chance to speak was given me by the departing children, it would have seemed stupid to hark back upon

an abandoned subject. I remember clearly —as I remember every detail of that day— how I reflected that many opportunities of asserting my patriotism would come in the future.

III

We spent three weeks at Schloss ——, and I grew fond of my Princes, though I discovered that they had faults. In some respects they had been beautifully brought up. They had been taught to be charming to strangers. and not to be shy. In many ways, however, they had been neglected. They were callous, if not cruel, in their treatment of animals. Each had a dog; an Italian greyhound sent from Rome by Prince von Bülow, I was told : and a dachshund given by Prince Fürstenburg or his wife. The poor creatures were never allowed a peaceful moment. They were teased and even kicked if they were not as clever in learning tricks as their instructors thought they ought to be. I reproached the boys for their unkindness, and one day thoughtlessly said, " It's un-English."

For the first time my elder pupil's eyes

flashed angrily at me. "I don't want to do anything English," he said.

"None of us want to," he was abetted by the little Princess, whom I had not learned to love. She was mean and petty, a tell-tale, as weak children often are, and brought the worst in me up to the surface. "My cousin V—— (the Princes' father) says 'Damn the English!' But my cousin L—— (the Princes' mother) says the children must learn their language, for everybody does. So we do. But we don't have to love it."

She was nine years of age at that time!

Neither of the Princes' parents visited us at the Rhine Castle, for they were busy with official duties and festivities, but more than once they sent emissaries to report upon our health, and probably upon me as well: ladies and gentlemen of their *entourage*, and friends of theirs who happened to be in our neighbourhood; a minor prince and princess, a graf and grafin, or a baron and baronin. All were polite to me, though they asked as many questions as travelling "Yankees" are supposed to do. There was nothing that the ladies did not want to know about my experi-

ences and accomplishments, and I found that everyone supposed me to be American. If I protested that I was British, the men, especially those of the military profession, shut up like clams, as far as friendliness was concerned. They still asked questions, but different sorts of questions. They inquired what the British thought about the small army "ordained" by the Government, and seemed to be under the impression that the English had fallen too "fast asleep" to wake up and save themselves as a nation.

Of course I had heard and read about the "German danger" to Europe, but it happened that the one great family in which I had been engaged in England was not only Liberal in politics but friendly to the Kaiser, therefore I had fancied that the agitation carried on by newspapers was a "bogey." I had enjoyed humorous books about Germany and German customs, such as Countess von Arnim's and Mrs. Sedgwick's novels, and believed that the true spirit of the German race was peace-loving. I did not dream that in almost every German heart, north, south, east and west, a jealous hatred or else contempt of the British

beat with the blood, a part of the German being. Even during those three weeks at Schloss ——, however, I began to be enlightened. Many of our visitors were from South Germany and other parts, as well as from Prussia, which is supposed to be the home of the "blood and iron" spirit, yet all had the same good-naturedly contemptuous way of generalizing about everything British, even sport.

It was not that they were ever rude. Their elaborate politeness seemed to me, in those days, the *funny* part of their attitude. Now, looking back, I wonder that I could have been so blind to the meaning of signs below the surface. But the fact was, that I had to call on my sense of humour to prevent myself from flying into a rage with my employers' friends or "hochwohlgeboren" servants. If I had "let myself go" I should have had to resign my position, before even meeting the Prince and Princess. So I consoled myself with laughing privately at the self-satisfaction of the high-born ones with everything that was theirs.

As for the faults of the little Princes—hard-

ness with animals; crude ways—or ways that seemed to me crude—of eating; selfishness with the girl-cousin who slavishly copied them though she told tales behind their backs; constant babble of war and fighting, etc., Mrs. M——, their Scottish nurse, assured me that it would be worse than useless for a governess to struggle against such exhibitions. "It's German," she repeated, over and over again. "It's *German*, and they only do what they see their father and all his friends do, so if you scold them you'll be taking the highest in the land to task. I've found that out long ago, and I know what things I have to let alone, or pack my duds to go home."

The most agreeable yet most bigoted person we had at Schloss —— was the doctor who had accompanied the children and their little "suite" in the hurried move from P——. He was considered professionally a great man, though he was only the assistant of a still greater one who had stayed at home, but he was comparatively young, about forty, and good looking, more French or Italian in type than German. In connection with him I

became involved in quite a romance another year, in the Black Forest, but on the Rhine I saw only two sides of his character: the scientific and patriotic.

He was polite to me, as all the rest were, in that studied way which makes politeness seem an outer varnish, but we had arguments, concerning not only Germany *versus* England but Germany *versus* the rest of the world. He was a native of the Schwarzwald—Black Forest—region, and was a devoted Roman Catholic, yet when it came to politics he had all the Prussian hardness. He thought that Germany, being superior to the rest of Mother Earth, was bound, for the good of the world's population, gradually to spread over more and more territory. Once, in the character (thrust upon me by everyone) of a transplanted American, I asked if Germany looked forward to conquering the United States as well as Europe. The Herr Doctor answered earnestly that "something of the sort" must happen in time, though of course only after many years, several generations probably.

"We are born to be a conquering people," he said. "It is our fate, whether we wish it

or not. The world-spirit must carry us on and on from one triumph to another as it has been in the past, ever since Frederick the Great gave us our first impetus. We need colonies. We shall need them more and more, for we increase mightily. South America will eventually be necessary to our development. The United States will try to bar us with their out-of-date Monroe Doctrine; but she is a weak power really. Her might is all bluff. It is a bubble. Without an army, or an invincible navy to give solidity, we can prick the bubble with our German sword, when our own time comes."

After this boast—which appeared to him merely a statement of things as they were—he took pains to assure me that no disrespect was meant to me. But one must look facts in the face. The Germans believed themselves the Chosen People, and would live up to their conviction. It was from the Herr Doctor that I first heard the plea of superior German "Kultur," now the world's byword.

The Herr Leutnant was just as stolidly sure that the German was the superman, though naturally he put the soldier at the head

of the world procession. But he ceased to be political after the first week, and thought it a neglect of opportunity not to be sentimental. I had not been many days at Schloss —— before I saw by the look in his eyes that he was conscious of his sex and—mine. He gazed at me over the children's heads; and perhaps what happened to me was my own fault, though partly it came from my ignorance of German officers' attitude towards women.

This confession which I shall make is to my discredit; and I make it only because the Princes' governor was one of a class, as I discovered after I went to live in P—— and saw something of society in Berlin also. If I did not give the episode a place I should fail in showing up the German officer in peace time. What he is in war, the world can judge for itself.

At Schloss —— Leutnant von X—— and I were thrown together in peculiar circumstances. Owing to the need of getting the children off in a hurry, and the pressure of engagements on their parents, no " chaperonage " had been arranged for me. There were those middle-aged and important persons, the nurses, to

say nothing of the baby's *entourage*. There was the Herr Doctor who had passed forty and (presumably) reached the age of discretion. There was the housekeeper, and underfoot for ever a swarm of servants, male and female, almost more than there was comfortable room for in the castle. If anybody had thought about the matter, it could hardly have seemed likely that the Princes' governor and their governess would ever need to be alone together. But things happen in the best regulated families; and I know now that any youngish normal German officer who is not married (even some who are) would think he failed in manhood if he did not make love to an unattached woman when finding her at hand.

Leutnant von X—— was a year younger than I, but British and American women as a rule keep their look of youth during their twenties and thirties more successfully than German and Austrian women who stuff themselves with cream and cakes, and regard exercise as a punishment to the flesh. (An unmarried "girl" of my age in Germany would already have been laughed at as a hopeless "old maid," or supposed to have a horrid past.) The

lieutenant was not handsome, for he had no features to speak of, and had rather a silly face; but it was engagingly boyish, and he had rather nice blue eyes which looked conscientious when he gazed out through his glasses. Whenever he could, however, he let the glasses drop on a string, for he was proud of his eyes, and it pained him to cover them up. His almost white lashes were unusually long, and from much wearing of eyeglasses since childhood, they had been pressed up, so that they flared back and exposed the eyes to every particle of dust or fluff that might be flying about when he had dropped their protecting shield. He had a small, pale golden moustache brushed in imitation of the Kaiser's, and red, full lips. His figure, though not tall, was so slim, that it gave him an effect of height, and he was so afraid of growing fat that he stinted his allowance of beer, soup, sweets, and all the "really nice things" that he liked.

I had not known him a week when I realized that he had a conceit of himself such as a British or American officer would at worst have hidden; but his vanity amused me, and

when I saw that he wished to flirt, I am ashamed to say I thought there would be no harm in indulging him just enough to break monotony. Because he was an officer of a smart regiment, a man of good birth chosen by a high personage for a position of responsibility, I fancied that, so long as I behaved properly, I could be sure of being treated with respect. My calculation would probably have been right in the case of men of my own two countries; but I had to find out the difference between the officers I was used to, and—German officers.

Leutnant von X—— could play the piano by ear, and had a nice tenor voice. When I first came he confined himself to patriotic songs, in the chorus of which he made the boys join; but soon he began with love songs from popular comic operas. When he sang these he looked at me if he could be sure the sharp-eyed little Princess was not watching, and put a tremolo into his voice.

Out of doors, in the garden (which boasted an herbaceous border containing every flower and plant mentioned by Shakespeare), we were sometimes alone together for a few minutes

at a time, when the children had begun to tire of Count Zeppelin's invention, and amused themselves by running about. At one end of the garden a large bed was given up to them, much against the head gardener's will, though it was partly screened by tall fuchsias. Here the three erected a fort with earth and some sand that was brought for them; and while the boys were besieged by the girl, or vice versa, the governess and the governor could wander about the paths or sit on a seat superintending operations.

This was very well for the first few days, though I laughed in my sleeve at my companion's egotism, telling me about himself, his career and opinions. At the end of the second week, however, he showed his "intentions." It was one evening after supper, a nondescript meal which the officer and the doctor shared in a small Speisesaal, and I ate alone in my own sitting-room. I had never before met Leutnant von X—— after the Princes went to bed; but he asked if I would come down to the *Kegelbahn* for a few minutes, bringing some glue, and help him to mend some of the "buildings" in the "game,"

which the Princess had broken by tripping over them, and which he would not trust the servants to touch.

It did enter my mind that this was a pretext to see me alone, but I thought it would be quite an entertaining thing to do. No doubt Leutnant von X—— was shrewd enough to suspect that I guessed, and this encouraged him to throw down his cards. He told me that I was different from any other woman, more intellectual and *spirituelle*, and that I was the one he would choose for a wife if he were free to choose me. But he was poor, and supposed that I was poor also. It was not likely, now he had met me, that he could ever bring himself to marry, but if he did so eventually, when he was older, it must be some rich person to whom his family and position in the army would be an object. Meanwhile, why should not he and I be happy together?

With that, he began to explain how the happiness was to be managed. Nobody need suspect anything. He had thought of all that, and would protect me in every way. I might depend upon his honour.

As soon as I understood what he was driving at, I stopped him. My impulse was to threaten exposure, but common sense got the upper hand. I realized that I had given the man some excuse for misunderstanding. If I had it in my power to ruin him, he could ruin me by saying I had led him on, or that I was an hysterical woman who had made up the story. The fact that such a thing had happened would force me to resign if I were not sent away; and some horrid scandal would fly to England or America. With this certainty, I controlled myself, told the lieutenant that I did not love him, that I had not understood what I was laying myself open to, and that for both our sakes this evening must be forgotten. I dropped a hint or two of what might happen if he protested, and frightened him so much that he became a chastened creature.

The next day we were as polite to each other as ever, and always continued to be so, yet both of us were careful not to be alone together if we could help it. But I had had a good lesson in behaviour with a German officer, and had reason to be thankful in future

that I had taken it to heart early in my experience of German life.

When we had been living at Schloss —— for a little over a fortnight, and had not yet heard any suggestion of a change of quarters, we had one morning a great surprise, no less overwhelming than a visit from the Emperor.

IV

My two Princes and their cousin were having an English lesson with me in a summer-house close to their earthworks. It had been raining, but the summer-house was large, and had lately had its roof repaired because (as had been impressed upon me) the Princess was "English in some of her ideas," and liked to keep the children out of doors. (This, by the way, was an especially good rule at Schloss ——, where the plumbing was crude, and already old-fashioned, and I fancied a distinct smell of bad drainage in certain regions of the house.)

I was reading aloud a boys' book by George Henty which I had brought among others from England for that purpose, and stopping at exciting parts to get the children to criticize it in English. We were having an animated discussion, and all three were clamouring for me to "go on—go on!" when I heard foot-

steps crunching on the gravel path which led to the summer-house. I did not look up, because I thought it might be Leutnant von X—— who was coming, and my charges were too much excited to pay attention. But presently I realized that the crunching had ceased, close to us. My back was half turned to the doorway, and before beginning to read again, I looked round rather impatiently.

Two gentlemen in uniform were standing in the path, one a step or two in advance of the other. Nobody who had seen any of the later photographs could have failed to recognize the foremost officer as the Kaiser, though the portraits were idealized. The face of the original was older, the nose heavier, and the figure shorter, stockier than I had expected, nor had I been told about the scar high up on the left cheek. I was so taken by surprise that I lost my presence of mind. Jumping up, I dropped my book, and knocked over the light wicker chair which was supposed to be of British manufacture. I was so ashamed of my awkwardness—such a bad example to the children!—that I could have cried. To make matters worse the Emperor burst out laughing,

a good-natured laugh, but embarrassing to me, as I was the object of his merriment.

"I have upset the United Kingdom and the United States of America!" his Imperial Majesty haw-hawed in good English, though in rather a harsh voice, making a gesture of the right hand towards the chair of alleged British make, and the fallen book with George Henty's name on its back, at the same time giving me one of the most direct looks I have ever had, full in the face. It seemed to challenge me, and I remembered having heard that a short cut to the Kaiser's favour was a smart repartee. The worst of it was that like a flash I thought of one which would be pat, if impertinent, but I dared not risk it.

Luckily my two Princes rushed past me to throw themselves upon their sovereign, and their cousin followed suit, more timidly. Perhaps she had discovered that his Imperial Majesty does not much care for little girls unless they are pretty.

The Kaiser was kind but short in his greeting of the children, and did not seem to notice that they expected to be kissed. Probably he was not satisfied as to their state of health,

as they had been sent out of an infected town, and he has never conquered his horror of contagious diseases. With his right hand (he seldom uses the left) on the dark head of the elder boy, he pivoted him round with rough playfulness. "Don't you see that Miss ——'s chair and book are on the floor?" inquired the "All highest." "What is a gentleman's duty —I mean pleasure—when a lady drops anything?"

"To pick it up," replied the child, his face red as he hurried back into the summer-house and suited the action to the word.

"Very good, though late," said the Kaiser. Then, no doubt thinking that I had had time to recover myself, he turned to me, more quizzical than ever. "Perhaps according to present ideas in England I am old-fashioned? But I hope you are not English enough to be a suffragette, Miss ——?"

I recognized the great compliment of his knowing my name, as I am sure he expected. I had heard already that suffragettes were to the Emperor as red rags to a bull, and that he always brought up the subject with Englishwomen when he met them for the first time.

I ventured to remark that to be English was not necessarily to be a suffragette.

He shook his finger at me like a schoolmaster, though he smiled. "Ah, but you are not an Englishwoman, or you would not say that! All these modern Englishwomen are suffragettes. Well, we should show them what we think of them if they sent a deputation here. But while they confine themselves to their own soil we can bless them. They are sowing good seed for us to reap."

I had no idea what his Majesty meant by the last sentences, though I could see that an innuendo was intended. His certainty that he was right about all modern Englishwomen was only what I had seen in visitors to Schloss ——, every one of whom, especially the Prussians, knew far more about English ideas and customs than the English knew about themselves. I had sometimes disputed their statements, though without effect, but I could not contradict the Emperor. All I could do was to wonder what he had meant by "sowing the good seed," and a glance he had thrown to his aide-de-camp (or "adjutant," as the officer might more Germanly be called), but it is only

after these five years that I have perhaps guessed the riddle. The Kaiser must even then have begun to count on the weakening of England by its threatened " war of the sexes."

His next speech was evidently intended to soothe my sensibilities if they had been ruffled. He added to the compliment of knowing my name, by telling me that he remembered my grandfather, whom he had met when he was Crown Prince. " The best type of American sailor," he added. " And he could tell a good story, as well as manage a good ship ! "

Once more I was associated with America, and unable to push forward my claim to British ancestry. Everything seemed working to make the American part in me of paramount importance, though I had been engaged as an Englishwoman, to teach English to my charges as well as watch over their deportment.

The Emperor proceeded to introduce his officer attendant, who was a Count von H——. He informed me that he and his suite had travelled all night in the royal train, to inspect the near-by garrison and breakfast with the officers. Having a short time to spare, he had arranged to motor up to Schloss —— and have

a look at the children, in order that he might report on the Princes' health to their mother and father next time he saw them. "No sign of the malady coming out in them?" he inquired. "And the youngest? He, too, is all right?" On hearing that the baby was not as well as could be wished, he looked anxious, but cheered up when he heard that the feverishness was caused by cutting teeth.

"That is not contagious!" said he. "Though some of us might be glad to 'catch' a wisdom tooth."

When he made a "witticism," he laughed out aloud, opening his mouth, throwing back his head slightly with a little jerk, and looking one straight in the eyes to see if one had appreciated the fun of the saying. The more one laughed the better he seemed pleased, and the more lively he became, almost like a merry child. But when the subject was dismissed, and he began to think of something else, I noticed—not only on that day, but on others, later—that occasionally an odd, wandering, strained expression came into his eyes. For a moment he would appear older than his age; though when his mind was fixed upon

himself, and he was "braced" by self-consciousness, he looked almost young and very vital, if fatter than his favourite photographs represented him.

That day at Schloss —— the Emperor did not stay with us longer than twenty minutes at most, but he managed to chat about many things in that time, the latter part of which was spent in talking with Leutnant von X——, to find whom he sent the younger of my Princes.

One thing he said to me was: "Well, I suppose by this time you have begun to make notes for the great book?"

I had to show my stupidity by asking what book his Majesty referred to?

"Why, the book you will write about Us," he explained in his rather grating voice. "Of course you will do it. They all do."

Quite sincerely I disclaimed the intention, feeling indignant at what seemed a suggestion of disloyalty. I did not dream then that anything could happen which would cause me to change my mind.

The Kaiser showed that he was not convinced. He smiled, clinging to his own opinion,

as I know now that every German does in any argument with foreigners. The only difference is that they are not invariably polite. "Well, when you write it, all I ask is that you stick to the truth," said he. "Then we have not much to be afraid of. We Germans are the sincerest people in the world, yet the strange thing is that no outsiders ever understand us. That is why they cannot do us justice in their books and articles, even when they wish to, which is not often, for they are jealous of our success. Even you in England and the United States are jealous. Too many books have been written about me by malicious people. Some of them were women; I am sick of it!" His face, with the fiercely upturned moustache became furious for an instant, and his hard, light-blue eyes might have been those of a fanatic. But the look was gone in a second. "Not that I am afraid your grandfather's daughter would do anything like that," he relented. "But you had better let me see the notes for that book before you begin to write it! Perhaps I can help you with some of your judgments."

I thanked him, conscious of my innocent

intentions; and when I did begin to keep a diary, it was entirely for my own benefit. I never expected to make use of it, except to remind myself of experiences which might have drifted out of recollection.

I have heard that the Kaiser is always anxious as to the first impression he makes, even upon the most insignificant middle-class person; and having delivered himself of this harangue, he set to work to smooth me down before departing. He asked questions about myself, and the family (his friends) with whom I had lived in England. With his head thrust forward and wagging slightly, he mentioned several advantages which an English governess had over a German one; and then he blurted out, sharply and suddenly, that, if my little Princes' parents had listened to his advice, they would have had an Englishwoman for their children two years sooner. "But the Princess —— is the most self-willed woman I know," he said. "You may think I am indiscreet! I am for ever accused by newspapers of being indiscreet, because I speak what I think. But this is no secret. You will learn it for yourself if you are as intelligent

as I suppose. She never was intended by nature to be a wife and mother, though she would be a charming person if she were neither. As it is, she will do what she likes in spite of everything and everyone. There! I have said enough—or too much. Where is von X——?"

The lieutenant was hovering in the background, ready for an auspicious moment: and the Emperor turned his attention to the governor of my elder Prince. It was not till he was ready to go that he had another word for me, and then it was only "Auf wiedersehen." He graciously put out his hand, palm down, for me to shake. I noticed how large it was in contrast with the left, which he kept out of the way. It was beautifully cared for, and there were more rings on it than an Englishman or American would wear, but it was not an attractive shape, and looked somehow unhealthy. As if in punishment to me for such a thought, the big hand gave mine a fearful grip. It was like the closing of a vice, and I could almost hear my bones crack. I wondered if the Emperor had cultivated this trick to show how strong he was; but I

should have been glad to take his strength on faith.

I could not help wincing, though I tried not to let my face change. If it did, he appeared to take no notice. He had finished with me, after a military salute: and letting the children run by his side, he and his attendant, with Leutnant von X——, walked down the path.

The Emperor's call at the Schloss had been as great a surprise to Frau Z—— and Mrs. M—— as to me, and they were both curious to hear what had happened during the interview. Each came to see me on a different errand, and mentioned his Majesty's visit as if that were a secondary consideration.

Frau Z—— was a great admirer of her sovereign, but Mrs. M—— was less enthusiastic. By this time she had decided that I was to be trusted. She had confided in me one or two little grievances, and had given me several character sketches of the great. "What do you suppose brought *Him* to the Schloss?" she said.

"He wanted to see the children," I replied.

"Guess again!" she remarked, as if she had been an American instead of a Scotswoman.

"What other reason could there be? Not Leutnant von X——"

"The Kaiser didn't care about seeing the children or the lieutenant. He's seen them before. He came to see you."

I thought Mrs. M—— was joking, but she was perfectly serious. According to her, the German Emperor was a mass of curiosity as well as vanity, and liked nothing better than seeing a new face, except mixing himself up in other people's business, no matter how small an affair, if it happened to be a novelty.

"He's interested in those boys," said the nurse, "but what he cares most about is getting his own way. The Princess wanted the children to be well up in French before they began English, except with me, but the Kaiser was always hammering at her, whenever they met, to get an English governess. She has told me so herself. At last, she and the Prince, who hates the British nation like poison, though he pretends to like it, gave in. That's why the Kaiser is interested in you."

This bore out the Emperor's remarks; but it was not encouraging for my future.

"I'm sorry if the Princess is prejudiced

against the British," I said. "But anyhow, it's a good thing that the Kaiser values us as a nation."

"He doesn't do anything of the sort," I was assured by Mrs. M——. "He may like some of his high-up English friends, as well as he likes anybody besides himself, but he despises the nation, and thinks it has gone to sleep. All the same he's afraid of it, I believe. That sounds like a contradiction; but the Kaiser *is* a contradiction. So is the Crown Prince. So is *our* Prince. They would all three like nothing better than a war with England. I didn't mean to say that our Princess hates the English. She's fond of some, and of several Americans. But she loves the French better, because of the French blood in her veins. You mark my words, all that the German Kaiser and his sons (and their set which our Prince is in) like about the British nation is what it has *got*. You don't understand now. But wait till this time next year. Then come and tell me whether I'm right or wrong."

I said nothing, though I believed that Mrs. M—— was "down" on the great ones whom she knew in a backstairs way, because

of her "grievances" and her cantankerous nature. Before I had had time to change my mind, and in only half the time-limit she gave me, the old Scotswoman was dead. She died of pneumonia during my first German winter.

V

It was in the Black Forest, at their unpretentious place there, that I met the parents of my Princes. The principal home was, and is, in P——, not far from Berlin, where a large number of the Prussian aristocracy, especially the army set, have their residence. But P—— lies in marshy country, and is infested with midges which become almost unbearable late in the summer; and those who can go away do so. We were sent for suddenly: and I soon learned that everything is done in a sudden way by this Prince and Princess. One never knows what is going to happen, and has to be prepared for any emergency. This is hard on the nerves. But the heads of the household do not trouble about other people's nerves, which I know now to be characteristically Prussian.

I found out, too, when leaving Schloss —— that my responsibilities were more than I had

bargained for. I had been engaged as governess for the little Princes and their girl cousin, and in a highly placed German family the duties of a "governess" are somewhat different from those in England. Besides teaching my charges English, and looking after their deportment, there were not many things I was expected to teach, for other persons would, as the children grew older, superintend different branches of their education. But it dawned upon me on our journey from the Rhine to the Schwarzwald, that anything which went wrong in any department would somehow turn out to be my fault. It was only at such times that my Britishness was remembered, and gently but firmly thrown in my face. The British "*liked* responsibility," and always thought they could do everything better than anybody else, therefore I ought to be pleased at being appealed to in matters out of my special line.

We reached our destination before the Prince and Princess, and as there was to be a house-party we had very cramped quarters in the little "Schloss," which hardly deserved the name of castle. I had only a bed-sitting-room,

but I did not mind that small inconvenience. The day we expected the Prince and Princess they did not come; the next day, however, when I returned with the children from an outing in a pony carriage, it was to find that the suite had arrived, in motor-cars, with several guests. The fussed confusion in the servants' quarters could not possibly be duplicated in any reasonably well-run English country house.

I was presently sent for to be interviewed by the Princess in her own bright but not very tastefully decorated boudoir, and was escorted there by one of her ladies, a good-looking Prussian countess of about thirty-five, who turned out to be an amusing person ready to sacrifice almost anything or anyone in order to be witty.

An Englishwoman of the Princess's age might still have looked quite a girl, but, although I thought her handsome, her eyes splendid, and her big, smiling mouth charming, her features were beginning to coarsen, and though she was thin in body, she had the early warnings of a double chin. She spoke to me in correct, precise English, and was very gracious

and vivid, rather French than German in her restless vivacity, flinging me one question after another about myself and how I got on with the children. While we were talking the door burst open, and a young man appeared. Seeing me, he would have vanished, but the Princess invited him to come in and meet the boys' governess, Miss ——. It was the Prince, of course, and though he is several years older than his wife, at this time in their married life he looked younger than she. The increasing squareness of her face was the cause of this, whereas his face was long and narrow, and by means of corsets or whalebone-lined waistcoats he managed to keep himself to an almost girlish slimness. He smiled vaguely at me, with an absent-minded yet direct stare, saying mechanically that he heard I had a fine grandfather.

That made the Princess laugh her ready laugh, and say it was a "funny recommendation for a lady." The Prince looked uncomfortable for an instant, as if he had said the wrong thing, and was not sure whether he ought to have been accused of it: but he decided to laugh too, so I did the same, in the

subdued yet appreciative way proper in the presence of the great, and replied that I was delighted to have one of my grandfathers praised.

The Prince began immediately to speak about his sons, by way of something to say, and his English was so good, he might almost have been educated at Oxford or Cambridge and afterwards have lived a few years abroad. He was lively and rather jerky in his way of speaking, and his smile, though agreeable, was slightly vacant or absent-minded, unless he had suddenly become interested in a subject of his own, such as sport, or if one agreed with him in politics. There was a superficial air of youth and innocence about him, but his eyes I thought like those of an animal; queer, narrow, light eyes, with an impression of not being trustworthy, which perhaps comes from the fact that they slant up a little towards the corners. I did not feel at this first interview that I should like him or that he would like me, if he troubled to think anything about me at all.

While we were in the Schwarzwald, and later during the autumn and winter at P——, they

had a great number of interesting visitors, and I met most of these, because everybody wanted to see the boys. Besides, the Princess got in the habit of calling informally upon me to write English letters, taking them down from dictation. This work was not my "job" as a governess, but that did not trouble her in the least. And sometimes, if the Princess's ladies had anything to do which they liked better, I was brought on to the scene to help about the organizing of charities in which the Princess was supposed to be interested. She really was interested, no doubt, in her bright, careless way, but she liked to have all the work taken off her mind and hands, when the time came for doing the practical part. Then she cheerfully and sincerely took the credit, looking charming in a Paris or Vienna frock (she would have scorned one made in Berlin) and smiling her flashing smiles at everyone.

In this way, I was thrown with visitors in the house more than I should have been otherwise, and the fact that Americans who came to see them in P—— or Berlin often knew about my grandfather, kept giving the impression that I was American. When it was allow-

able to correct this, I tried to do so; but the more I saw of Germans in their own country, the more I realized that once an idea is lodged in their heads nothing short of death can get it out. They seem to have a special pride in not letting a foreigner convince them that anything they believe to be true, is not true.

One of the most interesting things that happened to me in my first year was a visit (with the Princess, of course) to Villa Hügel, the house of Herr and Frau Krupp von Bohlen, in the Ruhr valley near Essen. Bertha Krupp, the "Cannon Queen" and richest German heiress in Germany, if not the world, had been married to the South German diplomat, Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach, less than four years. She was only about twenty-four, but the coming of children had aged her as it does all German women apparently, and she had already ceased to look girlish. Her husband, who is sixteen or seventeen years senior to his wife, might have been no more than ten years older, to judge by their appearance when together. He put the name of Krupp in front of his own immediately after his marriage with the heiress,

and few people add the " und Halbach " now, except officially.

Although she was beginning to have that motherly, " resigned-to-middle-age " look that can go with a perfectly smooth young face in Germany, I thought Frau Krupp von Halbach the most charming woman I had met since leaving England. Her face was, and is, sweet and gentle, with its lovely, soft brown eyes and perfect complexion. Unlike most German women of any class, even since the chic, half-Russian Crown Princess has set the fashions for the younger set, Frau Krupp von Bohlen knows how to do her hair becomingly. Her handsome but simple clothes are less mysteriously dowdy than those of most of her rich compatriots, and her manner is kindness itself. Never was a more delightful, unobtrusive hostess, or a pleasanter place to stay than the Villa Hügel, where, in great contrast to our princely *ménage*, the domestic machinery runs on oiled wheels.

Her husband is called handsome, and is really attractive looking. He might pass for an American at a distance, in feature and expression. Even his accent in speaking English

seemed to me slightly American, but perhaps it amused him to put this on when talking to me, as he had spent some time in Washington as secretary to the German Legation, and had heard that I was born there. I never saw a more intelligent pair of eyes than those of Herr Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach, and his head is of that domed shape on which Germans pride themselves, as a sign of their nation's super-intellectuality: the "professor shape." No man could be nicer in manner, with the diplomatic niceness that makes for popularity, than Bertha Krupp's husband: but while at the Villa Hügel several little things happened which displeased me with that type of head, not only on Herr Krupp von Bohlen's shoulders, but on those of his associates.

We were quite a large family party when visiting at Essen, my two little Princes, their parents, and several attendants as well as servants. But in the huge, imitation Italian villa, larger than many palaces, which on its plateau overlooks the river, there was plenty of room to accommodate a number of important guests at the same time. General von

Bernhardi was one; and his was another dome of a head, such as all the greatest men of Germany are supposed to possess. On seeing several of these "supreme intellects" grouped together, and hearing certain sentiments they expressed, it struck me that something rather sinister must be packed up with the solid contents of the domes: for one thing, a colossal and astounding national conceit which has helped more than anything, I now believe, to bring about the present European situation. A thought which occurred to me for the first time while at the peaceful-seeming, pleasant Villa Hügel was that the German domes, compared with the best intellectual heads I recalled in England and America, were not nobler than the domes of mosques, in comparison with cathedrals.

One afternoon my Princes were with the first child of our host and hostess, little Alfred (or "Alfried," named after his maternal grandfather), playing in the "Sparrow House," as it is called, a garden house built for Bertha Krupp and her sister Barbara to learn housekeeping in, when they were small. It was from this "Spatzenhaus" that the Kaiser is

supposed to have taken the idea of a garden playhouse for his only daughter, now the Duchess of Brunswick. One of the directors of the Krupp factory, Herr Eccius, and Doctor Linden, a director of the famous Aquarium at Naples (practically "run" by the Kaiser, though this is not generally known), had been having luncheon or *Frühstück*, at the villa, especially invited, I understood, to meet our Prince and General von Bernhardi. While I was in the "Spatzenhaus" with the boys, Kerr Krupp von Bohlen brought in these four gentlemen and another, to see the celebrated visitors' book kept there since Bertha and Barbara were children. General von Bernhardi had arrived the night previous, and this was my first sight of him, as well, of course, as of Herr Eccius and Herr Doctor Linden.

I was more interested in the last of the three, because I had listened while Frau Krupp von Bohlen repeated to the children a wonderful story about the intelligence of some fish in the Naples Aquarium, and all I knew then of General von Bernhardi was, that he was considered a great soldier, and had been the first

officer to ride into Paris in 1871, or some tale of that sort. However, the minute I saw him I felt that here was a tremendous personality, and an intensely repellent one, a man to be reckoned with. I determined to ask a great many questions concerning him of the Countess, who knew everything about everybody, and did not object to telling what she knew with embellishments.

My name was politely mentioned by the host, and the visiting gentlemen all bowed to me. The only one who did so stiffly, as if he grudged bending his thick, short neck for my benefit, was General von Bernhardi. He gave me one sharp look from under his rather beetling eyebrows, and I wondered if he despised all women, or had merely taken a distaste to me.

"You are English?" he asked shortly, in German, his tone being that of a man accustomed to throw out commands as you might throw a battle-axe.

"She was born in Washington," said Herr Krupp von Bohlen, in his pleasant, cultivated voice. "Washington is the most interesting city of the United States, and holds pleasant

memories for me. Miss ——'s grandfather was a distinguished American naval officer."

As he said this, he gave me a faint, rather humorous smile, which I interpreted as a warning or request not to try explaining my antecedents.

"Ach! That is better!" grunted the General. And I knew that, whatever might be his attitude towards women in general, Englishwomen were anyhow beyond the pale.

(Later I heard from the Countess that women were not much higher than the "four-footed animal kingdom" for Bernhardi: that he loudly contradicted his wife even at hotel tables, when they travelled together: that he always walked ahead of her in the street, and pushed past her or even other ladies (if strangers to him) in order to go first through a doorway.)

Those who had never before written their names in the Sparrow House visitors' book—where the Emperor and Empress's autographs could be seen—were asked to do so; and then, in glancing over the pages, they naturally fell to talking of the house of Krupp and its rise to greatness. Herr Krupp von Bohlen spoke

of it with a kind of modest pride, as if he were a born member of the firm, instead of an adopted one, and he happened to mention the intended celebration of its hundredth anniversary as a going concern. He said that it would take place in 1912, and that already the Kaiser had promised to be present in person. He was telling this to General von Bernhardi, who exclaimed, "Ah, you will have your big surprise all ready for us at the *Festakt*."

"That is what we are aiming for," Herr Krupp von Bohlen replied in a lower tone.

I was sitting between my two Princes, with little Alfred standing in front of me, showing to all three the result of some photographic experiments of mine, snapshots of the Sparrow House, and of the children themselves. It struck me that Herr Krupp von Bohlen had lowered his voice to remind General von Bernhardi that an outsider was present. I bent my head down and pretended to be absorbed in what I was doing, so I cannot say whether the gentlemen looked across at us or not, but I felt that they did; and there followed a short pause in their conversation. The next thing I heard was, "You shall see for yourself

to-morrow, what we are doing, General," spoken by Herr Eccius.

The next day, I know, was spent at the great works, almost a fortress in itself, which so few people are ever allowed even to go near: and that evening, General von Bernhardi's last in the Villa Hügel, he came with our Prince to say good-bye to the little boys.

In the meantime I had been talking about him with the Countess, and had learned what a great military expert he was considered. She had said, as if it were a good joke, that he was " almost ready now for the long-waited-for war on England." That was why he was at Essen, to see how the new " surprise " big guns were getting along. I did not pay much attention to that part of her gossip, because it was, of course, the Krupps' business to make guns, and I did not realize that the Countess was indiscreetly blabbing to me what she must have heard whispered as a dead secret. It did not occur to me that she meant anything in particular, and even now I hardly believe that she knew herself what an important piece of information she was lightly giving away.

General von Bernhardi took scant notice of me when he walked into the charming room with a river view, given up to my Princes for their few lessons and many amusements. He sat down while the children's parent looked on, smiling (he is almost as great an admirer of Bernhardi as his distant relative the Crown Prince), and lifted a boy on to each large knee. They were not shy with him, and answered his catechism-like list of questions as freely as if he were an old friend, though they had not seen him before since they were quite small. The elder said that he was going to be a soldier, the younger that he was to be a sailor as soon as he was old enough. Bernhardi asked the elder about the size of the various nations' armies, and the boy was eager to show off what he had learned, not from me, but from Leutnant von X——. When he came to the English army, he announced that there were only one hundred and eighty thousand men. I wanted to break in with "What about India?" but I managed to keep silent.

"Ah, we shall not have much trouble with them, shall we?" chuckled Bernhardi.

"No," said the little Prince, "but Leutnant

von X—— tells me not to say such things before Miss ——."

The General condescended to glance at me, and I thought again that he was the most ruthless, brutal-looking man I had ever met, the very type of militarism in flesh and blood—especially blood.

"You are a friend of the English?" he inquired.

I dared to stand up for England by answering that I thought her the greatest country in the world.

"That is nonsense," was his comment. I shall never forget it, or the cutting way in which it was spoken.

The Prince, though knowing me to be English (which Bernhardi, to do him justice, did not), backed the General up, explaining for my benefit as well as the children's that England might once have been nominally the most powerful nation, owing to her talent for grabbing possessions all over the world, and the cleverness of her diplomacy. But, he said, that was different now, under the Liberal Government. England was going down exactly as Rome had gone down, and the knell of her

greatness was sounding already. Not one of her colonies would stand by her when her day of trouble should come, and most of them would go against her.

"You have only to read their own newspapers," said General Bernhardi, "to see that the English know they are degenerating fast. But the hand of Fate is on them. They are asleep, and they will wake up with a rude shock only when it is too late."

He did not intend to let me argue this statement, but turned his attention to the younger Prince, and asked what he knew about ships. The little fellow, who is of rather a jealous disposition, was delighted to get his share of attention from the great officer, and said that Leutnant von X—— made him learn the names of ships from their pictures: German ships, French ships, Russian ships, and "especially the English ones."

I knew this to be the case, because I had heard it mentioned before, almost in the same words. I had asked, when the child boasted to me of his knowledge, what good it was to him, since all the present ships of the great Powers would be changed before he grew up.

He thought for a minute, not being so quick-witted as his brother, and then laboriously explained that there was going to be a war long before he grew up. It might come almost any time, a big, big war on land and sea, and he could not enjoy it so much unless he knew the names of all the ships that were sunk by the German Navy.

I laughed a good deal at this explanation, until the child grew quite angry, and stamped his foot because I was making game of him. But General von Bernhardi did not laugh. He said "*Prachtvoll!*" and "*Colossal!*" as he patted the little fair head of the future sailor with his strong brown hand.

I was so annoyed with the General for his rude retort of "Nonsense!" that I could scarcely sleep that night for thinking about him. But my anger was more hurt vanity than uneasiness because of what such an exclamation might signify from a man of his military position.

The Countess was very entertaining on the subject of the Krupp firm and Herr Krupp von Bohlen, after we had left the Villa Hügel and were "at home" again. She made a point

of having said nothing against our host while we were under his roof, which, she remarked, was, after all, only his *wife's* roof; and "nobody could say anything disagreeable about Bertha, except that she was getting 'frau-ish.'" But once away, the Countess seemed to think that having accepted the Krupp von Bohlen hospitality made no difference. "When war comes," she said, "Krupp von Bohlen will be the power behind the throne. You think he is gentle and scholarly, but that is his cleverness, hiding the other side of himself. Not Bernhardi himself wants war, when the chosen time comes, more than Gustav Krupp von Bohlen wants it, though he would say 'Monstrous' if he were accused of wishing for world-horror, just because he's chairman of a gun factory. All the same, it's the truth. He's more of a Krupp than the Krupps themselves. Not a word is said against England in the three daily newspapers run by Krupp money, that he does not approve. That's really why the Emperor and the Crown Prince make so much of him. Besides, they both own shares in the firm, though that's supposed to be a secret. They know what Gustav is,

under the velvet. He dreams the same dream that old Alfried Krupp dreamed, and that our Kaiser dreams."

When I asked what dream she referred to, the Countess laughed, and said she would leave me to find out for myself. Some months later I did find out, in a roundabout way: or at least, never having forgotten that speech of the Countess's, I put two and two together and arrived at a conclusion.

VI

On the birthday of one of the Crown Prince's sons, my princes and their girl cousin were among those invited to a children's party at the beautiful, little old-fashioned Marmor Palais, in Potsdam. By a coincidence, my small princess had been born on the same date, and called the entertainment "her party." The Emperor happening to be at home at that time, in his Neues Palais, honoured the occasion with a flying visit, wearing one of his many becoming uniforms. Calling a group of girls and boys round him, he began (as we at a distance supposed) to tell them a story. It was not a long story, but it was told so impressively, and in such a low voice, with head thrust forward and eyes wide open, that the children hung on the "All Highest One's" words, as if they were courtiers in embryo.

The little Princess ate something which disagreed with her at this birthday party—her

digestion was very delicate at that time—and an urgent request came to me in the middle of the night from Frau Z——, for some of the English sal volatile which I was known to keep. I had once before administered a dose of this, my favourite medicine, to the Princess with refreshing results, and she clamoured for more. I took it to her myself, as she wished me to do, for though she never warmed to me affectionately, as the boys did, when she was well, for some reason any little physical "upset" produced a longing for my society. She felt better after the sal volatile and water, and begged me to stay with her. She wanted to tell me about a horrid dream she had had. This, it seemed, she had already related to her nurse, and asked if the dream would come true.

"But of course it won't!" I tried to comfort the child, who had begun to whimper in her fretful way. "Frau Z—— told you it wouldn't and couldn't, I'm sure."

"No, she didn't," said the little Princess. "She wouldn't dare to contradict ———" (the children's name for their indulgent friend, the Emperor).

"How do you mean, contradict the Kaiser?" I asked.

"You know he was telling us to-day that all his birthnight dreams come true, so he prays to dream the right ones, and we ought to do that too. He said we must try to remember that, all through our lives, and write down our birthnight dreams in a book. Then he could turn over the pages and look back, and see whether things had happened to us like the dreams. I tried to dream to-night, and this horrid thing came." (She had dreamed of a wild boar jumping in at her window and hiding under her bed.) "Frau Z—— says I must tell it to ———— the next time I get a chance to see him, and ask what he thinks. But I'm afraid to, because I know he'll say it's bound to come true. He will tell me I'm a silly girl not to dream a good dream, so as to make good things happen that I shall like. He knows how to make himself always dream the same dream on his birthnight."

"Is that what he was telling you children yesterday when you were around him at the party?" I inquired.

"Yes," replied the little girl. "He dreamed

it the first night he was seventeen, and he made up his mind to do it always, because a fortune-teller said there would be a dream of his that he would dream many times, and at last it would come true. The way he manages, is to think about it in the daytime a great deal, and so he dreams it at night, his birth-night and often on other nights too. It hasn't quite come true yet, but he's sure it will, and then he'll be the owner of the whole world."

"Oh indeed, will he?" I exclaimed. "That is a splendid dream."

"He says Germany will be as big as the whole world, and it's the same thing," said the Princess.

Of course this was childish nonsense, and the Emperor had been talking in his impulsive, enthusiastic manner, to interest a little group of boys and girls. I knew that he seldom lost an opportunity of trying to stir up patriotic sentiments in even the youngest hearts, and this talk about his dream of fulfilled ambition had been his way of doing so, at the birthday party. I should have thought very little about the dream-story, if I had not remembered

what the Countess had said about the Kaiser's dream, and the Crown Prince's dream, and old Alfred Krupp's dream, being the same. I had often thought about that, and wondered what she meant, since the evening of our conversation after returning from the Villa Hügel, about six months before. I "put two and two together," as I have said; and a week or so later the children's doctor (my old acquaintance first met at Schloss —— on the Rhine) told me that many people knew about the Kaiser's birthnight dream of a vast world-power united under German rule.

Society, as I saw it at Berlin and at P——, was a nest of gossip about the Imperial family, and all their relatives and friends. As far as my experience is concerned, nowhere in England or America, either in great city or tiny village, could the secret talk about great personages have been matched. I think that English men and women connected with court life would be even more ashamed than afraid to say aloud to each other such things as I have heard chuckled over in whispers, in Germany. No trifling detail of the royalties' lives was safe from discussion, and the great ones were

irreverently nicknamed behind their backs. It is strange that people do not fear to have their witticisms repeated to those most concerned; but I suppose they think that, as no one is innocent, no one will dare to expose his or her neighbour. I frequently remembered what the Kaiser had said to me when he came to Schloss ——, about the probability of my "writing a book." If I had cared to be mean enough to put together for print, only half the scandals I heard about the German court, and the "smartest" army set, I could have made the hair of Europe stand on end, before there was time for my work to be suppressed.

One thing that I noticed about the "public" in Germany—the society public, and the other, or general public—was its fickleness towards royalty and important members of the royal circle. Sometimes the Kaiser would be on the top wave of popularity with his own set, and at the same time the bigger public would be grumbling about an act or speech of his. Or, it would be vice versa. It was seldom that the high ones and low ones of his own land were sincerely pleased with him at the same time.

With the Crown Prince this was also true.

The year after I arrived (1910) everybody was calling him the "Jew-baiter." The smart people of the Prussian Junker class, and the Army, loved him for the speech which was execrated by the Jews, even rich and would-be aristocratic ones who would have liked their Hebrew origin to be forgotten. "Willi and Cilli" (the pet names of the young husband and wife for each other, adopted by the world, in praise or blame) were idolized by the younger set in high society for awhile; but later, after the Indian visit of the Crown Prince, both had a "slump" in popularity because in spite of an occasional war-like flare-up of spirit, his Imperial Highness was supposed secretly to like everything English or American better than what was "made in Germany." He "made a fuss" over "swaggering English people and those impertinent Yankees," instead of favouring his aristocratic German acquaintances at home and abroad. He was always trying to "force English sport down everyone's throat," and he seemed to wish his wife to dress by day "like one of those tailor-made British broomsticks, with whom he skated and flirted at Celerina." His English

and American friendships were even more resented than the Kaiser's encouragement of untitled persons, like Herr Alfred Ballin of the "Hapag," and Herr Bernhard Dernberg the Jewish banker, "Kaiser made" into a diplomatist, who suddenly fell from political power as colonial minister the year after I first saw Germany.

Some quite innocent tales were told by the tatlers, of the Crown Princess. One was, that she had determined from the moment of her engagement to his Imperial Highness, to be the most beautiful and best-dressed royal lady in Europe, as he strongly desired her to be, and that it almost broke her heart when she began to realize that being the mother of one baby after another was enlarging her slender waist. She was supposed to have had a wax model of herself made, soon after the birth of her first boy; face, hair, and figure all resembling her own as faithfully as possible. According to the story, she had every new fashion of hair-dressing tried on this model, before deciding to use it herself, and would have milliners fit it with hats, rather than choose one to suit her own style merely from seeing it in the

mirror. Gowns were shown to her in the same way when they arrived from Paris or Vienna, said the gossip who told me the tale, and the first time the measurements which fitted the figurine proved too small for the Princess's waist, there were tears.

Another peculiarity of hers was said to be a dislike of ever having the same hairbrush employed more than twice, objecting to their "strawlike smell" after being cleaned, and ordering all toothbrushes to be burnt after the second day of usage. This fancy was considered extravagant, and very "French," almost improper: although, as the discarded nairbrushes were fitted into the same gold frame or back, the waste of material did not seem to be very excessive, except in the matter of the toothbrushes.

There was one story not quite so harmless as these, which is not, however, too venomous to repeat. The Crown Prince had flirted furiously with several athletic but beautiful ladies at a Winter Sports place in the Engadine. His wife determined for once to take revenge, and chose for her partner an English military diplomat. They exchanged a few merry letters.

Some anonymous person wrote to the Prince, and warned him of what was going on. When the next letter arrived for the Princess, her husband was on the spot and seized it before it had been opened. To his intense surprise, an extremely interesting political document dropped out, memoranda concerning a transaction with regard to the Morocco question, and giving information for which the Kaiser would gladly have paid many thousands of marks. To this document no letter was attached: and when the Prince had glanced through it, he demanded of "Cilli" what the devil it meant. She, in her turn, had not been feeling entirely easy in her mind. Though her little "flirtation" was of the most innocent sort, and entered upon only with the object of annoying "Willi," now that he was indeed annoyed she began to be frightened. Unable to guess by the expression of his face what his Imperial Highness had found in the stolen letter, she put on an air of indignation and insisted on first seeing for herself, if she were called upon to explain what it meant. Thereupon the paper containing the memoranda was thrust under her eyes. Only for a moment was

it held there, but the few lines she had time to read, gave the quick-witted Princess a brilliant idea. She accused the Prince of distrusting her, and though he deserved to be punished, she would nevertheless tell him the truth. She had been "nice" to the Englishman only with the object of getting this information, promised her at a ball, in return for a certain dance which her husband had thought "one too many." She had not meant, the Princess said, to show the paper, but merely to give her husband the facts set down upon it. Therefore it must now, according to agreement, be burnt.

The unfortunate Englishman who had been guilty of the appalling mistake, made a point of seeing the Princess that same day, to ask if some memoranda had been enclosed by error in an envelope addressed to her. The lady told him frankly what had happened. The letter intended for her had been returned to the writer, by the high personage who should have received the document, and just as this was being shown to the Princess—(to prove that there was nothing so indiscreet as a name in it)—the Prince appeared. The letter

was promptly handed to him by "Cilli"; and forgiveness and forgetfulness were granted to the delinquent who had inadvertently done Germany a service.

Whether there was any truth in this story or not, I cannot say. I only know that it was told me by a friend of the Princess, who pretended that it had come straight to her from the heroine of the episode. In any case the information could not have been of vital importance, as some months later, in 1911, Germany thought herself humiliated and browbeaten by Great Britain in the Morocco affair.

VII

SOMETHING, I do not know what, had happened to make the Countess, my prolific purveyor of gossip about the Crown Prince, dislike him in quite a catty way. She is one of those women who are apt to imagine all men in love with her; and perhaps a snub had been administered from high quarters. However this may be, on the return of the Crown Prince from India to take up his command of the Death's Head Hussars in Dantzig she assured me that she "knew for a certainty" he had gone to India as a "glorified spy." She said, when I disputed the assertion as too contemptible to credit, that there was no doubt whatever of its accuracy. If it had not been for the expectation that "Willi" could make himself very useful in that way, in one of Great Britain's principal possessions, he would not have been encouraged to go, as he had already devoted too much time and attention

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to sport, to please the public. He was continually taking leave from his regiment, and going wherever it amused him to go, although he posed as such a smart soldier, devoted to the army above all things. So, indeed, he was devoted to the army, said the Countess, as far as show and dash were concerned, but he had made some ghastly mistakes at manœuvres; and when it came to a choice between the dull, everyday duties of an officer, and some chance of shooting, hunting, polo-playing or skating, then it was a different matter with the young gentleman who, of all his five royal brothers, has the right to be called Imperial Highness. He had been lectured and punished more than once, as the Emperor's own irrepressible restlessness gave him no sympathy for the same symptoms in others, not even his own sons; indeed, he seemed to expect them to make up by their conduct for any shortcomings of his own in past or present.

It was believed, the Countess mentioned, to have been the much-travelled Bernhard Dernberg, then Colonial Minister, who originally suggested to the Kaiser personally, that such a tour as the Crown Prince eventually took

would be a very good thing: and though the plan was not carried out until long after it was first mooted, the real credit was due to the Jew financier-diplomat. I had seen Herr Dernberg more than once in my first German year, and when the Countess told me how much importance was attached to his advice by the Kaiser, I could hardly believe that such a man would be allowed to put his finger into the royal family pie, no matter how useful he might be in financial and political decisions. He seemed to me quite a common man who could never overcome his commonness, because it was an essential part of himself, as a sow's ear is an essential part of a sow. The first time I met him he went out of his way to show me how "American" he was, I having been casually introduced to him as an American. I did not care to hear that he had spent "three of his best years" in New York when he was a boy, but he seemed to fancy I should be interested, and it was said of him that he took pride in being "all things to all people." Certainly his manners were no great credit to America if he had learned them there when he was young, but the short, awkward figure of

a man appeared to think himself a breezy, delightful fellow. As for me, I thought him unpleasant, and wondered how the ultra-aristocratic court could grant him entrance. His choice of American slang, fished up out of his repertory for my benefit, no doubt, might have been learned from a cheap actor or newspaper reporter, and with his high shoulders, his Jewish face, and untidy-looking beard which could not hide the unscrupulous cruelty of his jaw, from a woman's point of view he was more like a Hebrew wholesale merchant of lower New York than a *persona grata* of a European Court.

Because I had this picture of the man in my mind, I could not imagine him encouraged to advise the Kaiser about his son and heir: but now, since I have heard of his present mission to the United States, I am inclined to think the notion of a royal spy in friendly countries might be likely to originate with him. And, to do Herr Dernberg and his obstinate jaw grim justice, when he resolves on any line of conduct he will go through fire and water, and drive others through, rather than fail in his object.

The plan for the Crown Prince's tour in 1910

originally included China and Japan, and Russia on the way home. Asiatic plague broke out, however, and so his visits were confined to British possessions. If it had not been for this annoying dispensation of Providence, remarked the Countess, " Willi " would have been able to see for himself how the reorganization of the Russian Army was going on, and to ingratiate himself with Britain's latest allies, the Japanese, if possible to the detriment of British interests. She drew my attention to the fact that the young man, who was then only twenty-eight, was eminently fitted by Germany's supreme Ally, God, for a super-spy.

" If you don't take particular notice of his sly, queer eyes," she said, " you may think him an innocent, good-natured boy, always smiling and laughing, and with his father's open manner. But of course all who really know those two men, know that their frankness is their stock in trade. They push up to the surface all they want to show, and it gives them relief for their feelings, because they both like nothing better than talking. Sometimes they say just the wrong things, and make each other and the

diplomats furious; but that is not because they yearn to tell their real thoughts to the world. It's because they think at the time they are being clever, and they are so conceited that they make awful mistakes. Dernberg and the rest knew this about 'Willi' before they let him go to India—they'd had good reason to know!—but all he had to do on his travels was to be agreeable and a good 'sport,' and keep his eyes open. They thought he could be trusted to do as much as that, and they were glad to get him out of Germany, where just then he was making nothing but trouble. It was a disappointment about Japan and Russia, especially Russia; but the most important part of the programme was India. They made up for losing Russia by pretending that it would be dangerous to have a sudden change of climate in the spring, and sent him to Egypt, where he had a long, important, personal interview with the Khedive. You can guess what about."

Of course, I could guess what her insinuation meant, but I thought that the Countess was something like our own sensational journalists both in England and America, who love getting

up excitements and "scares" to sell their papers. She was, it is true, very much "in" with the highest court set in Potsdam and Berlin, through relatives in the army, and she is so pleasant and confidential in her way that often, before people know what they are doing, they have let out secrets, in return for some trifle she has told them "never to breathe." I know this from my own experience, as I often fell in this way when I first met the Countess, although common sense warned me that she was more than indiscreet. Nevertheless, it was only in the winter of 1913, through certain things which happened, that I began to think the Countess might, after all, have been informed (as she swore she had been) by a member of the Crown Prince's suite, about his secret mission as a spy in India and Egypt.

His instructions, according to her emphatic statement, were to ascertain the state of feeling, among native rulers, towards Great Britain's handling of affairs in the far and near East. In carrying out these secret orders, his Imperial Highness got himself in disgrace with several newspapers for his "unintellectuality"

in preferring sport to a study of the marvellous historic treasures of India; but these scoldings only covered his real aims more effectively from the British, before whom he posed as a sportsman above all things. His *métier* also was to praise British rule, and to seem astonished at its wisdom and complete supremacy. This pose gave him a chance to mingle with natives of almost every class, in order—accompanied by Herr Doctor Wegener of his travelling staff—to see for himself the "links of the great golden chain." He visited not only the Nizam of Hyderabad and other great native princes, but chatted with merchants, students and Indian soldiers. In paying compliments to the ruling power, he tried to worm out some word or interpret some look which might mean dissatisfaction, at the same time striving to make a favourable impression for the House of Hohenzollern.

The reports given out of his progress were very satisfactory for a while, almost more so than the German Emperor and his advisers had dared to hope. But at last whispers of two distressing scandals were wafted home by an ill wind. While enjoying the hospitality

of a high native dignitary, requested by British authorities to show the royal visitor some good sport, the latter chose to go in chase of sport not on the official programme. The thing was hushed up for shame's sake, even by the British who fiercely resented the insult; but the story reached the Kaiser's ears through a man employed to send a secret cipher account of the Prince's actions, good or bad, exactly as they had been committed. This unfortunate man was forced to report, therefore, that his Imperial Highness had abused his dark host's hospitality by attempting to visit a lady of the harem. Her willingness was not thought to justify the enterprise when it was found out, only just in time to save the Crown Prince from a fate which would certainly have overtaken a less sacred personage. What became of the beautiful lady, the Countess could not tell; but her informant, an army man, had admitted that one or more British officers had sacrificed themselves in some way, as scapegoats or "whipping boys," to save the royal culprit. Whether or not they had been cashiered for their supposed sins, she did not know, but "something horrid had happened,

and everyone in the secret was sick with disgust and rage."

The second scandal she mentioned was a pig-sticking episode at Muttra. This she had had direct from the same authority, whose name I suspect, but will not mention; and as she gave the tale to me, it concerned the Prince and an Irish regiment, the Inniskilling Dragoons. His Imperial Highness had heard from Prince Alexander of Teck how grandly he had been entertained by them, and the Duke of Connaught had also enjoyed himself with the same hosts. The Crown Prince had been told that Muttra was the best place in India for pig-sticking: and when it was known that he wished to try his hand at the sport there (he had had a taste of it elsewhere) he received an invitation. Of course the regiment wished to keep up its reputation by "doing the German Crown Prince well," and as soon as he accepted, they put themselves to any amount of trouble and expense, getting for him the two best horses for the sport which could be found in India. The Irish soldiers knew that his Imperial Highness was called a fine, all-round sportsman, that he had come to the East

to enjoy himself, that there was such a thing as wild boar hunting in Germany; and also that he had already tried this particular "game" since his arrival in India. It did not occur to them, therefore, to "tone down" the sport for royalty, as it might have done if the Prince had been of middle age, or a different type of man. A young fellow who could sail about the sky in a Zeppelin, surely need not be coddled when he went after wild pigs. What they did not know about the heir to the German throne, however, was a certain peculiarity inherited from his erratic father.

Both brave men, father and son are nevertheless liable to a sudden attack of nervous tremors seizing them without warning. For the Kaiser, this trouble began as early as the "'nineties"; and though the thing comes seldom, he dreads it. By the fear of what cruel people might call "funk," he has been debarred from flying with Count Zeppelin or Orville Wright, or any other of the aircraft inventors who would gladly have given him an opportunity. Occasionally the same overpowering qualm of nervousness seizes the Crown Prince. He is a fine rider in a showy,

theatrical sort of way, and quite a plucky polo player as well as steeplechaser; but for some reason or other he was overcome with a shaking fit just at the moment when it was time to mount for the day's sport at Muttra. He looked first at one, then at the other spirited mount provided for him, but "funked" both. "The only thing was to pretend sudden illness, to save his face," said the Countess; and after all the Irishmen's trouble and expense, the expedition came to grief, much to their disgust.

In Egypt, all went well with the Prince's plans; and his private interview with the Khedive was reported to his father as "very encouraging," a practical promise being given by that ruler and his younger brother Prince Mohammed Ali, of support "in the day of need." Because of the harem incident in India, however, his Imperial Highness was called back sooner than expected, under the pretext of taking up his new command of the Death's Head Hussars.

The Countess laughed very much as she told me about a couple of scrap-books treasured by the Crown Prince. One he labelled "What

I Am"; the other, "What I Am Not." These, said she, were shown only to his intimate friends, whom he thought he could trust; but a man whose sense of humour got the better of prudence told what he had seen. In "What I Am," the Prince was represented a hero of courage as airman, steeplechaser, motorist and soldier. The only so-called "adverse criticisms" described him in paragraph and cartoon as a regular dare-devil and hot-head, sometimes getting himself out of frying-pans into fire from chivalrous impulsiveness, or being rebuked by his Imperial father for a "Zabern telegram"; and in this book could be found a carefully weeded history of the case of Count Ferdinand von Hochberg, the Prince's intimate friend who sacrificed his title for love, and emigrated to New York after marrying a pretty shop-girl of Berlin.

VIII

I DID not fall in love with noisy Berlin, though Unter den Linden is so fine and imposing, with all its beautiful shops and trees. The city was so neat and square, so stolid and self-respecting that the capital of Prussia made me think of the Prussian character as I soon began to judge it. Potsdam I found more interesting because it is old and historic. We spent a good deal of time in both places, and I used often to see the Emperor motoring in a yellow car with a very small Prussian royal standard on it to show who was the owner. The Crown Prince was always dashing about too, generally driving himself, very recklessly, with a cigarette in his mouth, and looking about here and there, everywhere except where he was going. He had a black imp for a " mascot " on his automobile, a thing that waved its arms in a way to frighten horses, though it never seemed to do so. And some-

times the car would be full of ladies and children and several quite large dogs that walked over their owners and tried to jump out. The crowds seemed to like him, and the Crown Princess whom they called "the Sunshine of Berlin," even more. She was always very gracious, bowing and smiling, while the Crown Prince looked extremely bored. Still, if he had not been hailed with enthusiasm, I am sure he would have been vexed. Sometimes he would appear at a window of the palace, perhaps with one of the royal children in his arms, pretending not to notice the people outside gazing at him. But I thought he looked self-conscious, as if he were doing it all for effect.

I had an afternoon off duty once a week, and made a few friends, outside the house of my employers, but I had not much time to spend in visiting, as there was always shopping to do, in a great rush. Our Prince and Princess have their palaces and castles and villas run somewhat on the same lines as the imperial ones: a great deal of red tape about all the expenditure, so that anything broken or worn out can be replaced only after many

formalities and long troublesome delays. Consequently if I wanted anything in a great hurry for myself or the children, provided it were not too expensive for my small salary, I preferred to buy it out of my own money rather than wait indefinitely. I used to keep little private stores of biscuits and chocolate, too, for if any detail got disarranged in my plans for the day, I might miss a meal and could get nothing to make up for it. Even the children would have gone hungry now and then, by some little accident not allowed for in the red tape business, if I had not had something to give them. After I had read *The Swiss Family Robinson* to the princes and their cousin, they said that I was like the mother of the family, who while the ship was sinking collected in a bag everything which could ever be wanted on the island where they were wrecked. Their pet name for me became "Mrs. Robinson," and when the Princess heard the reason for this, she began to call me "Mrs. Robinson" too.

One afternoon, in Berlin, I was helping her with some English letters, when the Crown Princess paid a surprise visit. Our Princess

went away to receive her, leaving me in the boudoir to wait till she came back. I expected her to be gone a long time and then to return alone, but soon she burst in with the Crown Princess, and one of the dogs I often saw with them later. It seemed that our children (who were out with Frau Z——, while I did shorthand for the Princess) had met the Crown Prince's children and been taken to the Kronprinzen Palace. They were going to have their photographs done, with their little friends, for Count Zeppelin, godfather to the Crown Prince's third son, then a baby, and my Princes' mother wanted me to go over at once and help pose them.

I was used to having all sorts of unexpected things sprung on me at a minute's notice, so I hurried away from the house to the Crown Prince's. It was the "afternoon out" of the royal children's head-nurse (they had not yet been given a governess) and the two eldest were being looked after by a teacher of kindergarten games. She it was who received me, when I was guided to the schoolroom by a footman or lakai, but the children were not with her. The Crown Prince himself had

come to the room and called them away, not telling the young woman whether she would be wanted or not, so she had remained where she was. I had not been with her many minutes, when a message arrived that the children were to be sent for, to his Imperial Highness's study or smoking-room, I am not sure which the lakai called it. The kindergarten instructress was afraid to go alone, and begged me to "see her through." As my charges were there, I consented, and she undertook to show me the way. Just as we reached the smoking-room door, where we should have awaited permission to enter, out came not only the Crown Prince, but the Emperor, who walked ahead, and two officers, one of whom was elderly and stout. They were talking and seemed to be in a hurry. The Emperor was looking annoyed and paid no attention to us. I do not think he even saw us.

The door was left open behind them, and in the room was a young officer I had never seen before. The children were crowding round him at a big table, where there were some maps, and when he caught sight of me,

he bowed, in a puzzled way. My Princess explained that I was Miss ——, or "Mrs. Robinson," their governess, and I put in a word for myself about the photographs. I was too late, however, for they had been already taken, and the Kaiser and the Crown Prince had been in the group.

"Come and see this nice map of England, Mrs. Robinson," said my elder Prince. The officer looked a little embarrassed, or shy, but made no objection, so I walked up to the table and looked down at the maps that were spread out there, all round a little bronze bust of Napoleon. The map lying on top of some others, showed all Great Britain, but only part of Germany, with Holland, Belgium, and the coast of France. All over the map were concentric rings done in red ink and stretching across the sea from the Continent to our island. Inside these rings, towns near the coasts were touched in prominently with red, and also there were figures, and writing in small German characters. I did not know what the meaning of these rings and other markings could be, and could not ask the officer, who was a stranger. He was too

polite to snatch them from under my eyes; but he let me see that he had been about to take them away just as I came. I stepped back from the table after a glance, and the moment I did so, the officer began rolling up the map I had seen. Under it I now caught sight of another, showing the whole continent of America: and on the southern part there were more red markings, not rings, but several crosses, and arrows pointing to them from the sea. I never found out what these red rings, dots, crosses and arrows meant: but since I escaped from Germany in the month of October (1914) I described them as well as I could to an officer, invalided home from the front. In his opinion the concentric rings drawn from one country to another, with marked towns and figures and writing probably showed the nearness of Zeppelin stations to towns of England. To the best of my recollection, two or three coast towns of Belgium were marked, as well as cities of England and Germany, but of that I cannot be certain.

It was in my contract that I should have three weeks' holiday every summer, going to

England or anywhere I chose; but the first year the younger of my two princes had whooping-cough, and I could not bear to leave him. I took my holiday with him in the Black Forest, instead of going to England as I had planned. His mother and father were afraid of the disease for themselves, as well as for the children, so the little boy and I went alone, except for a trained nurse hired for the occasion, a maid and a footman. There were servants in the Schwarzwald Castle of course; and the good-looking doctor who had been in Schloss ——, on the Rhine, was sent to an hotel in the neighbourhood. I suppose it was out of regard for my feelings and the "proprieties" that he was not quartered in the castle; but he came twice a day to see the invalid. Unlike Leutnant von X——, he did not try to flirt, but always talked with me on high, intellectual subjects, practising his English. He had several friends living in country houses of the neighbourhood, and in a small but picturesque town near by, to whom he insisted on introducing me. None of the ladies seemed afraid of whooping-cough, and as I could not go out

much without the Prince, they came to see me.

The person I liked best was a Fräulein D——, who lived in the town with a half-blind aunt, and a father who had been quite a distinguished writer on political economy until his health broke down, and he became a nervous wreck. He looked as if he were addicted to drugs; and in any case it was a melancholy household for a girl to live in. Fräulein D—— was still a girl, or would have been called so in England; but from what I heard, her friends were beginning to think of her as a hopeless old maid, at twenty-eight. She was pretty, though faded, and so thin that she looked haggard, but everyone who spoke of her to me, said: "Oh, you ought to have seen poor Augusta D—— ten years ago. She was beautiful as a spring flower then. Who would think it now? But what could you expect, in such a life, between that old woman and that old man? So poor too, and there might as well be no servant as that old idiot Lena who comes by the day. It would be better for Augusta to be in a convent."

In spite of all she had to do at home, how-

ever, Fräulein D—— found time to come to the castle often. She was subdued and wistful, but whenever the Herr Doctor came while she was with me and the Prince, she would brighten up, and seem a different person. I began to suspect something, and soon she confided in me, for she said that she was afraid she had not been able to hide "her heart."

She told me that ten years ago the Herr Doctor had come to his native place (the town near the castle) on a holiday from Berlin where he had begun to practise. Her father and aunt and she, Augusta, had only just moved there and taken a flat. It was the year she left school, and came out in society. She met the doctor at a dance, and they fell in love with each other at first sight. He begged her to become a Catholic and marry him, but though she loved him very much, she could not bear to change her religion. Her people had always been faithful Lutherans, and she hoped that the doctor was deep enough in love to marry a Protestant. He held out, however, and so did she, though she thought, if only they could have been alone together for even fifteen minutes, one or the other

might have decided to give way. But the town was even more conventional then than now. No girl, unless she were actually engaged to a man, could be alone with him if she wanted to escape alive from gossip. The two had drifted away from each other; and the doctor had gone back to Berlin. Since then he had become a great man, patronized by royalty, and living among aristocrats, though he had no "von" before his name. When he came to the Schwarzwald, it was in the train of the Prince and Princess; and though once a year they two were near each other for a fortnight or three weeks, never had they been able to see each other alone. Augusta still loved the doctor even better than ever, well enough to change her religion for his, if only she had the chance to tell him so. She could not tell him unless he asked, and he had never asked, after that summer ten years ago. But he had not married, and Augusta believed that he cared for her even now. It was only Fate who had kept them apart all this time, and prevented them from coming to an understanding. The poor girl begged me, with tears in her eyes, to help her.

"What can I do?" I asked. "You wouldn't like me to speak to the doctor?"

"Oh no, that would never do," she said. "He might think it wrong of me to tell you about him. But I have thought of a way."

I asked her what it was, and she explained a plan she had lain awake at night mapping out. All that was needed, she firmly believed, was that which had been needed before and never obtained: a little while alone with the man she had loved all these years. If I would get up a picnic, and invite the doctor and some of his friends, taking the Prince, of course, and one or two children who had had whooping-cough, it could be managed, without anyone suspecting a secret arrangement. Augusta knew just the place for a picnic: a lovely waterfall a few miles away. We could engage carriages, and everyone pay his or her own share of expense. It would not be much, even counting in the food. Then, at the waterfall, I could make some excuse to ask her and the Herr Doctor to take a little walk without the others. When we were out of sight, I must suddenly exclaim that I ought

to go back for the Prince, and ask them to wait.

"If you will keep away for half an hour, I believe it will be all right, and I shall owe you the happiness of my life," said Augusta.

The picnic was not arranged quite as easily as she had thought, for the people we asked were economical, and did not care to pay for a little pleasure. To make things come right, however, I finally invited the whole company at my own expense. On these grounds, everyone accepted, and the whole programme went exactly as Augusta had hoped, up to the moment when the time came for me to excuse myself suddenly, and leave the two alone.

We had sat down on a log to rest after a short climb. I sprang up suddenly to say that I would go and fetch the Prince, and Augusta sat still as we had arranged. But the doctor rose and said that we had all better go, as we should only take cold sitting still in a draughty place after violent exercise. In vain for Augusta to protest that she was not afraid of a chill. The Herr Doctor was firm. He would not even let me walk a few steps ahead on the plea that the path was

narrow. None of us were stout, he remarked, and there was plenty of room for three. All hope was over. As I had half feared, though I had not breathed my suspicions to Augusta, there was nothing that the doctor had desired less, all these ten years, than a chance to be alone with the fading woman he had loved for a few brief weeks when she was a fresh young girl, newly come into his life. While she had reproached herself for sending him away, he had been seeing the world and many women. Augusta to him was of no more importance than a forgotten dream.

I was very sorry for her, and intended to pay for the picnic, without a word to Augusta about the failure. But, to my surprise and horror, she threw all the blame of the fiasco upon me. "I saw how you looked at him," she said. "It was just as if you called him to follow you. He couldn't refuse. You lured him away from me. I think you are the cruelest woman I ever knew!"

That was my reward—and the end of the romance!

My little Prince got well, and luckily did not hand on the whooping-cough to the other

children. His mother professed gratitude to me, and offered me four weeks of freedom instead of three, for the following summer. I decided to spend this leave near Portsmouth, with an aunt married to a retired officer, now an army coach. About a fortnight before the time for me to start, the Princess inquired, in the presence of the Prince, where I meant to stay in England. She asked this question at *Frühstück*, the one meal at which the children ever sat down with their parents. When I said that I would be close to Portsmouth, visiting at the house of a retired officer who "crammed" boys for the army, the Prince looked interested. He did not often appear at *Frühstück*, when the "schoolroom party" had the honour of being at table, and when he was there alone with his family, he did not attempt to hide the fact that he was dismally bored. He asked me several questions about my uncle, the distance I should be from Portsmouth, and whether I knew many people in the neighbourhood. He spoke also of one or two officers stationed there, whom he had met, and I was quite pleased to have stumbled upon a subject which roused him from dullness,

even for a few minutes. He soon relapsed, however, and I thought no more of the conversation until, three days later, I was sent for at an unusual hour by the Princess. She said that the Prince had happened to mention to a friend my coming visit to England, and the friend wished to ask if I would kindly take charge of his niece during the journey from Berlin to Harwich. If I could grant this favour he would arrange for her to start on the same day, and it would be a great convenience, as Fräulein Elsa Niemann (this is not the real name) was a young girl alone, and her destination—Southsea—was near mine at Portsmouth.

Of course, I said that I should be very pleased to have Fräulein Niemann's company, and the next morning I had a letter from her, containing thanks, and the news that she was permitted by their Highnesses the privilege of coming to express her gratitude in person. We were in P—— at the time, and though I remember that it was a day of drenching rain, she arrived from Berlin the same afternoon.

I had no sitting-room in the palace, only a big, bare bedroom near the children's sleeping-

quarters, where I had little privacy by day, as it was quite a thoroughfare for them and Frau Z—— and the dogs. Fräulein Niemann was brought to the schoolroom, where she had tea with me and the children. She was pretty, and wore her fair hair in a youthful way. Her frock was also very girlish and simple; but if she had not been dressed like a "*Backfisch*" (the German equivalent of "flapper") she might easily have passed herself off for a young woman of twenty-four or -five. As it was, however, I took her for a particularly well-developed girl of eighteen or nineteen, and her rather timid, deprecating manner strengthened the impression.

Fräulein Niemann said that she was going to a girls' school, not for the ordinary studies, but to perfect herself in the language, and to learn English methods of teaching, as she hoped later to get a good engagement as a governess in London. She was so pleasant and confiding that I quite sympathized with her, and gave all the advice I could think of. On her part, she seemed to take a fancy to me, and begged that I would have coffee with her and her mother in Berlin, on my next free after-

noon. I promised to do this, and kept my word one day in the following week.

The Niemanns lived in the top flat of a building which had a shop on the ground floor. There was no lift, and while I was toiling up flight after flight of stone stairs, I heard someone mounting behind me. There was a sound of running feet at first, but they slowed down before the top, and I looked back to see if the person wished to pass. A man dressed like a gentleman, yet somehow unlike one, was coming up, with his hat off, wiping his forehead, for it was an unusually warm afternoon towards the end of May. He was breathing quickly, so I took it for granted that he did not care to hurry on ahead of me, and I continued on my way to the top floor. There I looked for Frau Niemann's name. Just as I found it on a visiting card tacked to a door, and before I had time to touch the electric bell, the man arrived and pressed it for me, with a polite bow.

For a minute nobody came, and, bowing again, the gentleman presented himself as Fräulein Niemann's uncle, Herr Steinhauer. He said that he was sure I must be Miss ——,

and that he had called on purpose to meet and thank me for my kindness, as he had been told I was expected about this time. His manner was perfectly respectful and correct, otherwise I should have thought it more in accordance with stiff German notions of etiquette for him to keep silence until we had been introduced to each other. However, this ceremony was duly gone through with, when we had been admitted by Frau Niemann herself. She was a very handsome dark woman, who might be a Jewess, looking hardly old enough to be Fräulein Elsa's mother. Now, in the light of later events, I think it quite likely that there was no blood relationship whatever between any of the three; but of course I had no reason to suspect deception then. The only thing concerning the family which puzzled me at the time was that Frau Niemann, in spite of her beauty, struck me as belonging distinctly to the middle class, and so did Herr Steinhauer, though he was supposed to be a personal friend of our Prince. I thought, however, that he was very likely a power in the financial world, especially as he talked a good deal about Frau Ballin, Dr. von

Heydebrand, and Herr Krupp von Bohlen, as if he knew them. He could speak English, and praised England highly, except for its music. It was by his advice, he said, that his niece was going to Southsea, where he had one or two acquaintances in business, and as he was unable to travel with her himself, he was grateful to me for promising to take charge of her. If I could introduce her to any relatives or friends of my own, he would be still more deeply obliged.

After all this, it would have seemed ungracious not to say that my aunt and uncle would be pleased to ask her to their house, and I did say so, willingly, as the girl seemed inoffensive as well as pretty. She was told by her "uncle" to sing and play for me, which she did charmingly, at a small upright piano, the one good piece of furniture in the dreadful "nouveau art" Saal.

Herr Steinhauer came to the station to see his niece off at Berlin, where she joined me on the day of starting for England, and presented us with a box of *Pfefferkuchen*. There could not have been a nicer travelling companion than Fräulein Elsa, and when I told

my aunt and uncle about the girl, they gave me *carte blanche* in the matter of an invitation. I asked her, in my aunt's name, to spend the next Saturday to Monday at their house. She came, and they were so delighted with her pretty face and ways, and her lovely ballad singing, that they invited her to spend several week-ends with them.

Fräulein Elsa Niemann was still pursuing her studies, and paying short visits at my uncle's house, when my leave of absence expired, and I left for Germany again. In July, however, my aunt wrote that "dear little Elsa's" holidays had begun, and instead of going immediately to friends of her uncle's in London, she would stay a fortnight with them. My aunt added, by way of news, that she had lost her butler, and was getting an Austrian with splendid references, "who could make wonderful Viennese coffee, as well as 'buttlé.'" Later, I heard that the Austrian was a great success; but the same letter told me of a burglary at the house. While my uncle and aunt were spending a night in London by Elsa's invitation, to see the Russian ballet, the villa had been entered and some jewellery

and valuable books and papers taken. Most of the jewellery was Elsa's, my aunt said, which was distressing, as *she* had advised the girl to leave it at home. Her own losses she did not mind so much, but several rare first editions, and a number of maps and plans used for the military instruction of pupils had been stolen from my uncle. The police had, of course, suspected the poor butler, my aunt said, merely because he was a foreigner and might be a spy. His box had been searched, and nothing found! besides, he had proved an alibi, being out at a concert at the very time when the thief must have broken in. As for the maps and plans of fortifications, they had been in a locked drawer with two of the valuable books which were taken, and it was my uncle's theory that the burglar had simply grabbed everything there, in a hurry, without stopping to discriminate. Anyhow, the plans were old and not of much importance.

There was no evidence against the butler, or any of his acquaintances, and my uncle and aunt kept him on. Two months later I heard that the man's health had broken down,

and that he had left to return to his own country. Not long after, Elsa Niemann found a place as governess in London, and for nearly a year she wrote occasionally to my aunt, telling of trips abroad she had made with her employers. At last, however, her letters ceased, and my aunt wrote to ask if I ever had news of her. If I had, she would like to hear it. I had heard nothing, but on one of my free afternoons, to please my aunt I went to call on Frau Niemann, only to find her card gone from the door of the flat, and the name of a stranger in its place. Going down, I took the trouble to ring the janitor's bell and inquire for Frau Niemann, but the woman who answered the call knew nothing of her, except that on giving up the flat she had said she was going to live in Frankfort.

I have always hated to fail tamely in anything I undertook, so even then I did not give up trying for news of the Niemanns. I ventured to ask the Princess if she had ever met a gentleman named Steinhauer, an acquaintance of his Highness. She said "No": and added laughingly, that "Steinhauer did not sound like the name of a person one would

meet." I thought that this must end the matter as far as I was concerned: but I was mistaken. There was more to come, both from Herr Steinhauer and this Niemann family, but not until much later.

My visit to my uncle and aunt near Portsmouth was made in 1911; and in the early summer of 1912 I was to go again to England, but the Princess asked me as a personal favour to postpone my three weeks' holiday till winter. She and the Prince were obliged to make some visits, and she disliked leaving the children in hands less responsible than mine. I could not do otherwise than consent; but when winter came I was not surprised to find that it was more inconvenient than ever to spare me. I was given a week's leave instead of three, and a diamond pendant at Christmas instead of the trifling remembrance I should have received in the ordinary course of events. A week was too short a time for England, and as I was tired after the nervous strain of three years' work, I decided on a "rest cure" in a nursing home.

It was a failure; for though the street was supposed to be quiet, I was often kept awake

till three or four, by people laughing and singing on their way home from those night cafés for which Berlin is famous; and motors never seemed to stop. I went back to duty more conscious of "nerves" than before, and the events of the next few weeks were not of a kind to calm them.

IX

I HAD not been back long when an attempt was made on the life of our Prince. A bomb was thrown at him as he was coming home from the theatre after the first performance of a new play one night. It failed to explode; the man was caught, no harm was done, and the business was hushed up with greater care than in the case of that more prominent personage the Crown Prince. In the latter affair, the public was led to understand that an innocuous meat tin was thrown by a drunken Socialist who did not like the name of "wretches" as applied to his fraternity. I, who heard the palace talk at the time, knew that the contents of that meat tin were far from innocent. They had not been properly prepared, and his Imperial Highness escaped injury by this miracle: but there were many outside the houses of the great who heard the truth whispered. At the request of our Prince,

at the time of the outrage upon him, it was given out that a flower-pot had been blown off a window-sill by the wind, and had fallen in the street as the Prince and a couple of his friends were passing. This tale was told to the Princess, but she did not for a moment believe it, and wormed the truth out of the Countess, who had had it from the officer with the Prince at the time of the "accident."

After that night our so-called "home life," always far from peaceful, became more strenuous than ever. It was known to us that the person who had plotted against our Prince was not a Socialist, as in the case of his Imperial Highness. He proved to be the brother of a young man who had killed himself in mysterious circumstances a few weeks before. The suicide had been an officer well known in Potsdam and Berlin at one time. The Countess had met and danced with him when he was a lieutenant in a crack regiment. He had had some "row" with a civilian, and had been struck, which of course necessitated his leaving the army, as an insult to the uniform is an insult to the Emperor and the Empire. Everyone had been surprised that the ex-officer had

not taken his own life immediately after this scandal, as he was known to be deeply in debt and pressed for money. Instead of dying, however, he had gone abroad, only his friends knew where. His debts had been paid up, and his family seemed more prosperous than before. They told their acquaintances that they had been given a tip for a good investment by the absent one, who had gone into business in South America. The Countess, however, who knows or pretends to know everybody's secrets, told me that the ex-officer had gone, not to South America, but only to England. He had been enlisted, through our Prince's influence, in the Secret Service, and great things had been expected of him as he was very good looking, clever, a gentleman, and knew several languages. Nevertheless, he had failed in some mission with which he had been entrusted, and the heads of his department had not only reprimanded but discharged him. His father had pleaded with our Prince to use his influence again, but he had refused, and a few days later the unhappy young man cut his throat in a lavatory on board a Rhine steamer. His brother, when

caught after throwing the defective bomb in a flower-pot, was disguised as a workman : but being discovered, confessed that his motive was revenge for the Prince's " cold heartedness."

The unfortunate man was tried " in camera," and sentenced to several years' imprisonment. These facts were told to the Princess to assure her that there was no danger of a second attack, as there might have been from " Socialist devils " : but in spite of this explanation she was more frightened than she wished outsiders to know. She feared for her husband, her children, and perhaps herself, though she kept a brave face outside her own private rooms, and went about as usual. I became more attached to her at this anxious time than I had been before. I had often found her very trying, with her constant changes of plan and mood, and her entire disregard of time and space when she wanted things done : but her charm took hold of me magnetically when she was in trouble, and I would have cut off my right hand to give her pleasure.

On the Princess's birthday we had a great scare. Many presents came to her by hand,

but one large box arrived by post, with Italian stamps upon it. It was brought to me in the schoolroom on a big silver tray by a footman, and I saw by the startled bulge of his eyes that the panic about unexplained parcels coming unexpectedly, had communicated itself to his mind. I must say that I was not entirely free from it myself, and I was glad that the children were all with the Princess, being shown her presents.

"Why do you bring this to me, when it is addressed to her Highness?" I asked: but I had had too much experience in my employers' various houses, not to guess in advance what the answer would be. As I expected, the lakai excused himself for the "informality" by saying that he had taken advice, and wished to know what I thought ought to be done with the package. "I have not had any direct orders," he said, "what to do with parcels coming for her Highness through the post, as this is the first one since the 'trouble.'"

That was the vague way in which members of the household alluded to the "scare."

I thought for a moment, and then advised that the parcel be left on the big table in the

centre of the schoolroom, and word sent to her Highness that it had arrived and been so disposed of.

"If it explodes, it can only kill me," I said, looking braver than I felt.

Presently the Princess appeared at the door alone.

"I have heard about this parcel addressed to me," she said, "and that Winkler" (the Prince's special lakai) "brought it here. Has it got Italian stamps on it? I can't think of anyone who might send me a birthday present from Italy. Can you make out the post-mark?"

I admitted that I had not gone close enough to see. But I was ashamed of my cowardice, and went boldly up to the table. However, I could not make out the postmark. It had been blurred, apparently by rain.

"One of the footmen had better come and open the thing carefully," said the Princess, looking uncomfortable, and keeping herself at a good distance.

"They would all be afraid," I suggested.

"Yes, but they would have to obey orders. The thing must be opened. We can't leave

it here for ever. And it is probably quite innocent. To plunge it in water would spoil it, perhaps."

"I will open it," I said, "if your Highness permits. I am not afraid." (I was afraid, but I had a sudden wish to show off British courage before her.)

The Princess complimented me by saying that I was very brave, and that if I *did* open the package, I must be extremely careful. "It may be made to go safely through the post," she said, "and yet to explode when you lift off the cover. I have heard of such things."

I was sure she had, from the Countess, who delighted in telling horrors, even before the children, who now amused themselves by playing "bombs," jumping out at each other from behind doors, and so on. No scoldings were of any avail to stop them.

I promised the Princess to take every precaution, and suggested that she should go out of the room while the experiment was being made. This she refused to do: but when I had taken a pair of big scissors to cut the strings, involuntarily she retreated towards

the door, ready to spring, and give the infernal machine only one victim.

The package, about four feet long by two in width, was neatly wrapped in thick bluish paper, done up with stout dark blue string. The knots were secured with lumps of black sealing-wax, but I could see no trace of a monogram or crest. Very gingerly I cut the strings, and still more cautiously peeled off the paper. Inside was a box of thin unpainted wood, rather like boxes I have seen containing Swiss toy villages for children; and from her distance the Princess remarked that it was rather queer looking.

There was more string tied round the box itself—small but strong green string. I cut it too, and then very slowly and carefully prised off the cover, which fitted tightly, and finally in spite of all precautions came away with a jerk. My heart gave a jump, and the Princess a slight scream. But nothing else happened.

I threw back a layer of shiny tissue paper, and saw that the infernal machine, if it existed, was hidden in a bed of exquisite La France roses, the Princess's favourite flower. An envelope had slipped down among the long,

leafy stems (almost as long as the stems of "American Beauties") and I handed it to the Princess.

In a minute more she was laughing, for the dreaded package was a birthday present from Prince von Bülow. He had remembered her Highness's love for La France roses, expressed to him while in Germany, in the summer, and had ventured to send her some of the best grown in the famous garden of his Villa Malta, at Rome.

The Princess was delighted, all the more because of the fright she had had, and the relief which followed. She gave me one of the roses for myself, as a reward of courage, and I was particularly pleased to have it, as I had met Prince von Bülow on the summer day mentioned by the Princess, and thought him by far the most agreeable German of any rank that I had ever met. He had talked a good deal about his garden in Rome, and said that it seemed to him beautiful enough to make up to a man for any disappointments in life which he could possibly suffer. The Countess had told me then that whenever Prince von Bülow did not wish to talk on a

certain subject, he always changed it to that of roses. "If he likes, he can make anyone, even the Emperor, think for a few minutes that roses are the most important things on earth," she had said. From other things she told me, I understood that Prince von Bülow's roses had had to make up to him for some very serious disappointments. But I never saw a man with an air of being better pleased with a glorious world than that handsome statesman with his urbane smile and deeply cleft chin. If he had been Ambassador to Italy at the time of the August crisis, I can almost believe that he might have made the third member of the Triple Alliance think roses (of friendship) "the most important things on earth."

What I had heard from the Countess about the Crown Prince going to India and Egypt in the character of a "glorified spy" (even though I doubted the assertion) and the intimate talk of our Prince's "influence" in the Secret Service department, made me think more about spies and spying in a few months, than I had ever thought in my whole life. I began to look about for spies, and wonder if

any of the much-travelled, cultured people I met were engaged in spying with some of the highest in the land virtually at their head. The last person I should have connected with the profession of spying, however, was Herr Steinhauer. Even now I cannot be sure that he and the famous "master spy" of whom I have heard so much since I came back to England, are one and the same; but everything goes to prove that they are. For one thing, the case of Fräulein Niemann and her mother, as that affair eventually ended: and still more an episode which occurred to me in the summer of 1913.

In April of that year, I received a letter from Frau Niemann, asking me if I remembered her. She wrote from the Central Hotel, and said that she had just come home to Germany after travelling for more than a year. On her way back, she had stopped in England to see her daughter. She would like to meet me again, and give me "messages and news from Elsa." I still have this letter of hers, in my luggage at P——; but I doubt if I shall ever get it again, even at the end of the war. Frau Niemann invited me to call on her at the

Central, to hear about Elsa and see her own interesting albums and photographs taken during her travels. She would be obliged, she said, if I would name an afternoon convenient to me, as she would be sorry to have me call when she was out.

In some ways, life for me was a good deal like that of a very busy lay sister in a convent. Anything of interest in my existence happened almost invariably under the roof of my employers, never outside, for my free time out of doors amounted to nothing. Sometimes for weeks it seemed to me that nothing ever happened at all, except some irritating derangement of daily routine which upset the plans and temper of subordinates. Then again, there would be a flood tide of exciting events, but almost never personally exciting. What happened concerned those above me, so that it is no wonder we lesser folk got into the habit of gossiping and listening to gossip, as we had so few private interests of our own.

This being the case, I must confess that when I had an invitation outside, I was generally glad to accept, even if it were not particularly attractive in itself. I was almost

ashamed of my pleasure in the thought of seeing Frau Niemann again; but I associated Elsa with my own people, as she had stayed at my aunt's, and I had introduced her there.

Frau Niemann looked much the same as she had looked two years before, except that she was more made up than she had been then, and more fashionably dressed. She had a private sitting-room at the Central, which is a comfortable hotel, and she gave me coffee and was quite affectionate. Elsa had travelled too, she said, not with her, but with the English family who employed her. That was the reason she had never been able to see my kind relatives again, and had dropped out of their life; but she had never forgotten them. She had spent a winter in Italy, and a summer in America. Now she was back in England again, and hoped to see me when I came over in May, to tell me of her engagement to a young German ex-lieutenant, settled in Bristol, and in business there.

"But how does she know I am going in May?" I asked, when I had said enough about

the engagement. "Has she heard from my aunt?"

I thought that Frau Niemann looked a little embarrassed. She answered that Elsa had not yet written or heard; but she took it for granted that I did run across for my holidays each year in May, as I had done when we travelled together. I explained that I had not been out of Germany since then, but was going next month. Frau Niemann seemed pleased to hear this, and asked if I would take over a present from her to Elsa, and also to my aunt, who had been so kind. I said that I would do so with pleasure, and suddenly she remembered that Elsa's uncle might wish to send something too. She proposed that I should have coffee with her again the next week, on my "day," and that Herr Steinhauer would then bring his little offering for his niece, something small which would give me no trouble.

When this was settled she began showing me her albums of photographs, of which there were two large ones. She had indeed travelled far and wide. Her first book began before I had met her, in 1910, with snapshots of Kaiser

Wilhelm taken in Brussels when he visited the new King Albert after the death of Leopold. Then there were photographs of Prince von Bülow's Villa Malta and garden in Rome, at which I wondered, because the Princess had told me that it was very difficult and a great favour for anyone not a personal friend of the Prince to gain admittance there. From what I had seen of Prince von Bülow it seemed unlikely that he would choose Frau Niemann as a friend. However, there were at least half a dozen photographs. Then came Indian snapshots, with pictures of the Crown Prince arriving and being welcomed at various places : and there was a photograph of him taken at the door of a white palace, standing between two men in European clothes, wearing the Turkish fez. Frau Niemann told me that the Prince's companions were the Khedive and Prince Mohammed Ali. She said that the latter was supposed to be absent from Egypt at the time that snapshot was done, but he had returned in order to meet his Imperial Highness. This portrait, she went on to say, was very valuable, and only six copies existed : the one I saw, one each for the royal personages

of the photograph, and one in the possession of Herr Steinhauer, who had had the great honour of taking the snapshot.

"Was he with the Crown Prince on that expedition?" I asked, rather surprised, yet thinking it possible, as he was an acquaintance of our Prince.

"Oh, he happened to be in Egypt, unofficially," Frau Niemann answered. She spoke as if she were proud of her relationship to Herr Steinhauer; and I wondered a good deal what he was when "official." She did not then tell me, and had not told me in so many words before, that she was Herr Steinhauer's sister, but had allowed me to take it for granted, as Elsa called him "uncle." Now, I wonder if she was not his wife—either "officially" or "unofficially."

In the same album were snapshots of several British ministers, with a Riviera background: Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd George. Under the photograph of the latter, taken on a villa terrace, was pasted a London newspaper paragraph, accusing the Chancellor of extravagance in his living on the Riviera. "That was sent to London by

a German, and accepted and printed," Frau Niemann explained. "You would hardly believe it, would you? But it is so. We often make London opinion here in Berlin."

I was not particularly an admirer of Mr. Lloyd George, but I did not like to think that sneers "made in Germany" should be reproduced in England. I asked, therefore, why the Germans should object to the Chancellor, and his holiday doings, as the Liberal party was supposed to favour friendship with the Fatherland.

Frau Niemann laughed at that. She said that neither she nor Germany had anything against Lloyd George, but it was always the policy of every country to stir up political dissatisfaction in every other country. "It all helps, you know," she said.

I did not know, and thought it rather pig-headed and very German of her. But I see method in such madness now.

There were London photographs in her collection, with several of the English royalties taken with the Emperor, the Empress, and Princess Victoria, all on the occasion of the unveiling of Queen Victoria's statue. Herr

Steinhauer was responsible for these pictures also, it seemed, and Frau Niemann then informed me that he had been in the Kaiser's suite. She too had been in London at that time, in 1911, she went on to say, and through high influence had seen the ceremonies in an exceptional way.

The second album was not quite filled, but there were some interesting photographs of the Prince of Wales in Paris, and President Poincaré in London. One picture towards the end she seemed inclined not to let me see, but changed her mind. "There is no harm in showing it to you," she said. "You may guess who it is."

The snapshot in question represented a gentleman in civilian clothes, which looked as if they had been made in England. He wore a pot hat, an overcoat with a scarf tucked in at the neck, and had rather a large moustache, which drooped and looked ragged at the ends. Over his head a companion, a laughing, jolly looking man was holding an umbrella. Just behind them was the Arc de Triomphe, so I knew that the photograph had been done in Paris.

" It looks a little like the Emperor, with his moustache disguised, but of course it can't be he," I said.

" It is nobody else ! " laughed Frau Niemann. " His Majesty has been there more than once. There is no reason why he should not go privately incog. and enjoy a little adventure, if it is not known officially."

The Irish pictures were rather an anti-climax after this sensational snapshot of the German Emperor in civilian dress, dramatically posed with the Arc de Triomphe as a background. They were impressive more because they had found a place in a German woman's collection of " world-souvenirs," than for any other reason. They showed Sir Edward Carson making speeches to crowds, and perpetuated small street incidents in Belfast. Also there were a few photographs of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, in Dublin. Frau Niemann said that she had a " very pleasant tour in Ireland, though it seemed much distressed there, and most of the rich people very angry with the English Government." She asked what I thought would happen if England tried to " force Home Rule," and when I said that

I did not know much about the real political situation since I had come to live in Germany, she remarked that very few English people seemed to care for such things, or to understand Ireland. "You will see, there will be great trouble there," she said in that positive way which I had grown resigned to in Prussia. "I have met Irish people, intelligent persons, who said they did not care how soon the Germans came over."

When I laughed at this, she seemed surprised, and even grieved.

The next time I called, by appointment, to collect the presents for Elsa, Herr Steinhauer was in Frau Niemann's sitting-room at the Central. He had a parcel to entrust to me, and though it was not much bigger than the palm of my hand, he was profuse in apologies and thanks in advance. I was to take the things to my aunt's, as Elsa had no present address for the moment, because she was motoring with her employers. She hoped to meet me; but if she were unable to come, perhaps her kind friends at the villa would keep the parcels till her arrival. If possible, she would like to introduce her fiancé to us

all. He was being naturalized, and so when she married him Elsa would become a British subject. Herr Steinhauer and Frau Niemann seemed to be so sure I would be interested in this fact, that I had to pretend more than I felt. When I was ready to go, Herr Steinhauer seemed suddenly to recall something which he had forgotten till the last minute.

"Oh, Miss!"—he began—"I think you know many officers in the Navy and Army, of England and America too, is it not so?"

I said that I did know quite a number, as mine was an army family in one country and naval in the other.

"So I have heard," said Herr Steinhauer. "And I thought perhaps you would be the one to do me a great kindness which I should appreciate, and would return in any way in my power." He then went on to explain that he had a connection in England, a young Englishman, not a naturalized one, but of English birth and blood. On these qualities he put a strong emphasis, telling me that he too had English blood, and a dear cousin of his (whose name he mentioned) had married an Englishman, who had been unsuccessful in

business in Bradford and was now dead. There were two sons, one a young man of twenty-four, who had been finely educated, partly in Germany, as an engineer, the other a year younger, who had wished to enter the Navy, but owing to circumstances had become a journalist. The latter wrote, and sent snapshots and drawings of his own to German papers, but had not yet been able to do much in England, owing to lack of influence. "He wishes to write of the English Navy for Germany, and the German Navy for England," Herr Steinhauer said, "interesting, chatty articles, with friendly comparisons, and personal notes on the leading admirals. He is now offering a study of Admiral von Tirpitz to an English magazine, with special photographs I have helped him to get hold of. Could you introduce him to any of your friends in the Navy and Army? He wants to interview several of the big men, for German papers where I have influence, and he would like to be invited on board some ship for the next Naval Review or Manœuvres. Now, could you help him in any way?"

I hardly knew what to say to this. I knew

that I could introduce a friend of my own to a few officers both of the Navy and Army, and be sure that they would be civil to him, and perhaps entertain him. But I did not see why I should go out of my way to do this for a young man I had never seen (although he was an Englishman !) just because Herr Steinhauer was interested in him. While I hesitated, Herr Steinhauer reminded me again that his cousin was as " English as I was, more English, because I was so much American."

" You can see by Frau Niemann's photographs," he said, " that we are not nobodies. We can do favours for you anywhere with introductions, or I should not feel like asking them from you. It is just that I do not know many English officers. In business there, I have plenty of friends. Even on the Stock Exchange, I can get you very good advice about investments, for one thing. If you would like me to do this, I might introduce you to men who could get you twenty and even thirty per cent. interest on your investments in several parts of the world."

I thanked him, and said that with my small salary, such investments as I could make were

not worth worrying his financial friends about; but he insisted that it would be a pleasure, no matter how insignificant were the sums. He did not go on to press me about the Navy and Army introductions, so I felt a little awkward, and volunteered to think over the men I knew who might do something for the journalist.

At this he showed more gratitude than I was entitled to, for my intentions were vague: and then, striking while the iron was hot, he said that he had one more thing to ask before I went to England. Had I a friend, a Mr. Trevelyan?

I was very much astonished at this question. Evidently he knew that I had such a friend, or he would not have inquired, but there were only two ways in which he could have learned the fact. One was through Elsa Niemann, who might have heard it through my aunt. Another was, through someone at one of the houses of my German employers, who had seen on my table among my few photographs, one signed with the name Herr Steinhauer had just mentioned.

I said that I had a friend, Mr. Trevelyan.

"Is he the gentleman of that name in the Armstrong works?" Herr Steinhauer went on to ask.

"No, he is not," I replied.

"Related to him, perhaps?"

I said that I did not even know there was a Mr. Trevelyan in the Armstrong works.

Herr Steinhauer looked disappointed, but inquired if I were acquainted with Sir Philip Watts who invented the Dreadnoughts.

To this also I replied in the negative. I said that of course I had heard of Sir Philip Watts, but had never met him.

Did I think any of my friends were friends of his, and could introduce me, was the next question.

Then it occurred to me to ask what Herr Steinhauer wanted me to do in that connection.

He answered without any embarrassment that it was for the sake of the other young cousin he had spoken of, the engineer. He was anxious to get for this young man an introduction to some great English firm where he could make use of his remarkable talents and the education he had received. "I am

sure," said Herr Steinhauer, "that the Armstrong people would be glad to get him, for a particular reason. He has been engaged for six months in the Krupp factory. The position was got through German influence, but my cousin is the first Englishman who has ever worked there, and his comrades were so jealous and even suspicious that his life was not pleasant. Now he wishes to devote his knowledge to his own country: and though I am a German, I see no reason why I should not assist him. He is a very honest and loyal young man."

I thought it probable that an Englishman who had really been in the Krupp works might do very well for himself at home, but I told Herr Steinhauer that he must know many people better able to help than I. Indeed, I could do nothing, for I was sure I knew no one who would introduce me to people with influence at the Armstrong works. I added that I did not even know where they were, except that it was somewhere up in the north.

I suppose Herr Steinhauer realized then, once for all, that I could or would be of no

use to him; and very politely he gave me up as a "bad job."

When I went home, and had time to think over the conversation, it struck me as being more and more peculiar. It even seemed to me that Herr Steinhauer had hinted at a bribe for introductions. There was no great harm in this, and I had often heard of "get-rich-quick" Americans with social ambitions, offering much the same sort of thing in England. Still, as he and Frau Niemann had both taken great pains to show me that they had many important friends of their own all over the world, I could not see why they needed me. It struck me as a sort of coincidence, too, that I had heard from them this time, as before, just when I was on the point of starting for England. In all the time between my visits I had not had a word from them. It seemed as if they might have got news of my movements from the Prince's house, especially as Herr Steinhauer had been primed with the name of a friend signed to a photograph in full sight there. I was very much annoyed that I had been too confused at the last to ask Herr Steinhauer outright how he had heard

that I knew a man named Trevelyan; but I thought it would make the matter of too much importance to write and inquire, in care of Frau Niemann. I had no address for either, except the Central Hotel, and after that day I did not hear again, though I wrote Frau Niemann that Elsa had not arrived at my aunt's while I was there.

I told both my aunt and uncle of my talk with Elsa's uncle, but they did not think it as extraordinary as I did. My uncle had often known Germans who persistently tried to get favours out of him, and asked impertinent questions without knowing that they were impertinent. So had I known such people, and plenty of them. Still, I date my first serious suspicions of German good faith to England, to that conversation.

This visit in 1913 was my last sight of home until I arrived a few weeks ago in very different circumstances, as a fugitive from Germany; and until I saw my aunt and uncle this autumn the only thing I knew of Elsa Niemann was that she had come for a week end, and introduced her fiancé. Returning lately, however, I had the sequel to the story.

After the declaration of war against Germany, Elsa suddenly turned up again at my uncle's house, and begged their help in getting her naturalized. She said that she had been discharged by her employers, because she was German, and that her fiancé had been travelling in Germany and could not now get back. He was not yet naturalized. My people were sorry for the girl whom they liked very much, and kept her with them even after the police made inquiries about her as an enemy alien. They were indignant and tried to protect the girl when the police insisted on searching her luggage, but to their horror and surprise plans of harbour defences and notes of aeroplane parks were found, also papers showing that she had been married for a year and a half to a German officer. The "fiancé" had escaped; but the girl is now among the alien women interned in a concentration camp.

X

In telling of my "spy" experience, I have jumped ahead of my story, such as it is. But during 1912 nothing of any great interest took place, except incidental meetings with important men.

Once, in Berlin, Count Zeppelin came, after having taken the Crown Prince, and my little Princes' father as well as one or two of their army friends, for a flight in his newest airship. Our Prince came back very enthusiastic after his trip, and wanted his elder son to go, but the Princess would not hear of this, and Count Zeppelin backed her up. He said that he did not know enough about children's nerves, to risk an experiment, though he believed such boys as ours would stand it well. He told them, when they both begged to go, that they must content themselves with the "game" for a few years, and asked a good many questions of Leutnant von X—— (who was present by

request) as to how the little players got on with it. When he was talking of ordinary things, his face looked good-natured, even benevolent, with his rather scanty white hair and comfortable baldness. I thought, with a false beard, he would have exactly the right figure and face for Santa Claus; but as he listened to Leutnant von X——'s account of how he taught the Princes to "play the game," and examined some of the toy buildings (so often powdered white with "bombs" that they could no longer be brushed completely clean) his face hardened, looking very stern and very old, his bright eyes almost hiding between wrinkled lids.

The Count took the elder boy between his knees, and catechized him as to some of the rules. The little boy was shy at first, but soon plucked up courage, and answered in a brisk and warlike way. "This is a born soldier," said the airship inventor, laying his hand on the child's hair. "By the time he is ready for sky battles, we shall have something colossal to give him; but in the meantime, please Heaven, we shall make very good use of what we have got."

One afternoon I was asked to help entertain some editors who were visiting Germany in order to spread ideals of peace between countries. One of these men was a Socialist, and though everybody in the military set I knew, spoke of Socialists—home-grown ones—as "those brutes," or "those wretches," I was asked by the Countess to be "nice" to this foreign specimen. "Be as nice to him as the Kaiser is to your John Burns," she said in her laughing way. "We are all for international pacifications just now."

"But the Kaiser likes John Burns as a man," I remarked.

"That is all you know about it!" said the Countess. "The Kaiser is a wonderful man, but he does not love those who criticize him. Once your Mr. Burns told our Emperor to his face that the German Army was not what it used to be in the great days. I know that is true, for I heard what the Emperor said afterwards in English to one of the generals Burns had criticized. It was at manœuvres, and the Kaiser pretended to think nothing of it—to forget, to have taken no notice. But that was a thing he would never forget—a wound

to his pride. He said: 'Damn the little grasshopper!'"

At one time I thought it all very beautiful that deputations of journalists should come from different countries, to make firm friendships in Germany, and write praise of her industry and love of peace, when they went home, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did. But during my last year a different feeling grew up in my mind. I got the impression that these men, and other would-be peacemakers were being played with and laughed at behind their backs, when they had gone away "stuffed up" with ideas to order.

There was one South American diplomat, whom I met, however, while he was being entertained in Berlin, a clever, reserved, cynical man, who said a strange thing to me. At least, it seems strange now, in the light of later events. He was a millionaire, and a protégé of a prince and princess who had met him and his family in the Engadine. This latter pair were relatives of my employers, and brought the South American and his beautiful daughter to lunch with our Prince and Princess, at P——. After luncheon (or

" breakfast "), just as I was on the point of taking my pupils out, the whole party came trooping in to see the children. The girl was so beautiful that even the little boys were struck with her, and began telling about lessons and games, the " Zeppelin " among others. They grew ferocious, as usual, in describing how they destroyed the great buildings in enemy countries.

" You won't ever come and destroy Rio Janeiro, will you? " she asked, in her pretty soft voice, pretending to be terribly alarmed.

" Not if *you* live there," said my elder princeling, gallantly.

I laughed, being quite proud of his powers of repartee: and then I saw that the girl's father was looking at me with a curious expression on his very intelligent, rather sad face. I had already been introduced to him, and as he was supposed to be more or less " American," a reference had been made by the Princess to that distinguished American grandfather who, as the Countess said, was being " always trotted out when there were Americans, or German Anglophobes about."

" That is just what he would do, if the

opportunity should come ! " said the statesman in a low voice.

I was not sure whether he spoke to me or not, but it seemed that he did mean me to hear, for he asked, in addition : " Is that not your opinion, too ? "

I felt stupid, and was obliged to ask what he meant.

" I mean," he said, " that if these German princes, big and little, make the map of Europe what they would like to make, they will come with their paint pots, if not their Zeppelins, to change the colour of ours. I have seen that danger at home. I see it more clearly now. But they are charming people, of course—in their own country. It is a pity it is not big enough to please them. This is a fine game they teach their young children. It makes us foreigners think."

Speaking of the Zeppelin game reminds me of another which was sometimes still more popular for days or weeks together, with the boys. Perhaps one reason why they often preferred it to the more scientific and elaborate entertainment was the childish explanation that it was less trouble. Many of the promi-

nent officers who came to visit the children's parents afterwards sent presents to the little Princes. These were all more or less warlike in character: and the gift which the boys liked best was one presented by a number of young officers who had clubbed together. All the autographs of the givers, with an inscription and date, were written inside the cover of the large outer box or coffer. This receptacle, which resembled an immense silver chest in form (though it was made of compressed cane) had a lid that lifted up, and contained six green-baize-lined drawers. These drawers were packed with smart painted tin soldiers, each one containing a hundred and fifty: engineers, artillery, cavalry and infantry, representing famous regiments of Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia, France and England. Leutnant von X—— was very fond of helping the Princes to play "soldiers," giving them long lectures on strategy and the planning of battles. At one end of the playroom these "battles" often remained on the floor for two or three days, like unfinished games of chess on a chessboard, and woe to the "Schafskopf" (sheep's-head) of a servant who inadvertently disturbed a

single soldier while the fate of countries was being decided.

The favourite way of playing was to make the whole Triple Alliance fight together, against the world; and though the original toy only comprised six Powers, the little Princes' father at their request and Leutnant von X——'s, supplemented it by ordering the purchase of Turks, and soldiers of the various Balkan States which came on to the market at the time of the Balkan War. These unfortunate additional troops were comparatively cheap, and were not as much valued by the children as those of the Great Powers: still, they liked to vary operations by using the Turks as tools of the Triple Alliance, or setting them against Italy if they were playing (as they often did) that "Italy turned traitor."

Germany and Austria invariably won, whatever the odds against them, and frequently Austria was saved from terrible disaster by the superhuman skill and courage of the German force. The boys' father used often to bring officers to the playroom, when notified by Leutnant von X—— that "something good" was on hand; that the elder of my Princes was

distinguishing himself as a strategist, or that he had got himself into some difficulty and needed advice as to how to get out. When the tall father, and three or four more elderly, more or less stout officers with famous names streamed into the room in uniform, or it was invaded by dashing young Uhlans, I would flatten myself against the wall and pretend not to exist. But it was amusing to see the tightly trussed officers squatting or straddling uncomfortably about, craning their necks over high, stiff collars, and disputing as to the right strategical positions of the toy armies.

There was, however, one feature of the play that never amused, but always horrified me: the ruthlessness of the children's distinguished counsellors. They often sent men forward with the white flag, hiding guns, or advised disguising men in the uniform of the enemy. If German officers were taken prisoners (the boys could hardly bear to have this happen, and used to say "Oh, *let* it be the Austrians!") whenever they could make a dash for freedom they did so, even if the enemy had put them on parole. I once ventured to protest against this, when I was alone with the boys, but they

were deaf to my arguments. "You are only a woman," they said. "You don't understand. Father and Leutnant von X——" (or perhaps some other officer of more importance) "says you have to do anything in war."

Among other distinguished men who came to see my Princes and their plays, was General von Kluck—another one of those "great dome heads"! To me, it seemed the best part of his personality, and certainly the development was far superior to what I had named the "German officer head," a crude, unfinished type of head, which gives the impression that the skull has hardened before the brain had time to finish growing. General von Kluck did not talk at all to me, or appear to take any interest in the toy soldiers' battle. He had the air of being absent-minded and thinking deeply of something far away, in space. I heard him say that "they" wanted him to go to France to look at it. Who "they" were, I do not know, or what "it" was that they wished General von Kluck to see. But I knew that nearly a year after that visit the children had a present of a fancy red velvet box of chocolate. The Princess herself brought it

into the schoolroom (we seldom had a lesson that was not interrupted in some way or other), and as the covering had already been removed, I do not know if the box had been sent from a distance or had come by hand. The Princess showed the boys General von Kluck's visiting card, and the writing on it which said, " French chocolate from France, for two brave young German soldiers."

Later that day, the Prince came and asked to see the box " from old von Kluck," which by that time was half empty. He looked at the card, and laughed. " The old dare-devil ! " he chuckled. Then he said that, as we had eaten so much in such a short time, it showed that French chocolate was good.

I seldom or never had any real conversation with the Prince, and it was not my place to ask questions : but I wondered why General von Kluck was an " old dare-devil " to go to France, and why the Prince seemed so pleased and amused about it. Also I remembered what I had heard the general say some months before, about France. I thought that there must be a mystery about it, either official, or something to do with a lady, perhaps a French-

woman. I know no more now than I knew then: but I have heard it said since I came back to England, by a Frenchman, that General von Kluck is supposed to have visited France incognito, to look at some quarries near Soissons, which Germans bought and secretly made ready to use as trenches, beginning their work a year before the war broke out.

One recollection I have of the beginning of 1913, is that almost all the German royalties who came to the house at P——, where we were then, had something to say, either joking or serious, about what they called the "Mainz Prophecy." Most of them laughed, when they wished each other a "Happy New Year," and said, "Is this our last year?"

I heard the Princess say this to several people, among others to the Crown Prince. "Our last year of peace, perhaps," was his answer. But the Princess took the trouble to explain to me afterwards, that such a speech coming from the Crown Prince, was of no importance to show any state of national feeling.

"He is a firebrand," she said, "and would

like to have war just because he is a soldier, and wants to prove what he can do, not because he has anything against any country."

But by this time I knew very well that the Crown Prince, while liking English clothes and some English ways, hated England as a Power. He is a very indiscreet talker when he thinks himself among friends, and the Countess and others often told me during 1913 of private speeches he had made against England, threats they would certainly have been called if made in public, by the Emperor.

As to the "Mainz Prophecy," the Countess told me that for years the royal family of Germany had attached great importance to it, the Empress Frederick especially. The Countess's mother was a friend of the Empress Frederick, and had heard her say that she had come to believe "uncomfortably" that the prophecy would be fulfilled in its third or last phase, as it had been already in the first two.

It seems that, when the present Kaiser's grandfather was a young man, in 1849, he was wandering as a refugee in the Rhine country. A gipsy woman meeting him there

called him "Imperial Majesty," though she could have no idea who he was. By writing down certain numbers she foretold correctly the date when he would become Emperor, when he would die, and—finally—what the last year of the Empire would be: 1913.

The Empress Frederick had said as late as in the year of her death, to the Countess's mother: "Let us hope the prophecy means an end of the Empire as it *is;* some change, or expanding. But (in a whisper) I am afraid that there is *One* who may try to bring this about by violence."

The Countess herself had the theory (which with her usual indiscretion, she did not mind mentioning to me), that the Kaiser had kept the peace all these years principally because he was furiously getting ready with the help of the Krupp works, to break it in 1913. The fateful year passed on, however, without her theory being justified.

On Christmas, 1913, the elder of my two Princes (now officially out of my charge, unofficially still under my wing) received an autographed present of General von Bernhardi's *Germany and the Next War.* The child found

the reading of the book a formidable task, and begged me to explain to him certain passages which he could not understand. In trying to help him, I began studying the book on my own account. It seemed to me a terrible book, a menace to the world. Things I read in it showed up in a new light many of my German experiences, and made me wonder whether I ought not to repeat certain conversations I had heard, to someone in the British Embassy. If I had had a friend there, I should have liked to ask his opinion, but I had met no one attached to the Embassy, except quite formally the Ambassador himself, on one occasion. My afternoon of freedom each week gave me little opportunity to make outside acquaintances or even accept the invitations of those I had in Berlin: and most of the people I knew were Germans.

One decision I did make, after reading the Bernhardi book, was to keep my eyes and ears open with a serious object in view. I did not want to be disloyal to the Prince and Princess, while in their service, and I did not make up my mind definitely to spy upon them or their friends. But I did remember

that it was through the Prince that I had met Herr Steinhauer, and I thought that Herr Steinhauer had tried to make use of me in more ways than one. Thinking of this, my conscience became rather elastic, and I began seriously to take mental notes.

XI

I THINK it was through the Bernhardi book that I began to form more severe judgments of Germans of the ruling, military class ("first-class people" as they called themselves) than I had done before. Things they did and said ceased to strike me as funny. I realized that their frank talk about "German need of world expansion" was not just the empty bragging of the most conceited race on earth, but the outcome of their fixed intention some day to get what they wanted away from the nations who possessed it. For the first time I deliberately "pumped" officers and other men whenever I had any chance to enter into their talk, not trying to "draw them out" for the fun of the thing as I had once, but attempting to get at their real ideals, without letting them see what I was driving at.

This was easier to do than it would be in England or America, where men are not so

arrogantly conceited and sure that everything they do and think must be right, as well as far above the average woman's comprehension. All I had to do was to look as silly as these men thought me, to disarm their imaginations, and tempt them to an harangue on world politics as Germans and particularly Prussians thought they ought to be.

Leutnant von X—— was an especially easy victim, when I decided to use him. For a long time after our little affair at Schloss ——, he kept out of my way as much as possible, evidently feeling much injured, and even a little afraid of me. But after about six or seven months he fell in love with a very pretty musical comedy actress, and longed so intensely for someone to whom he could tell his troubles, that he made timid overtures for my friendship, beginning with football talk, on the strength of German play at Potsdam.

I was a little anxious at first, for fear history was about to repeat itself; but Leutnant von X—— saw this, and quietly explained that I had nothing more to fear from him. He told me that he was in love with an actress, a good girl, and terribly unhappy because he could

not marry her unless he left the army and gave up his whole career. I am almost certain that never for a moment did he seriously intend making any such sacrifice, but it gave him a sentimental kind of happiness to dwell on the thought, and have someone to talk it over with. He asked me what an English officer would do in such a case, and was much surprised when I said that it was all different in England: an officer could marry an actress, if she were a nice girl, without doing himself harm in his profession. Leutnant von X—— seemed to think that, hard as it was on individuals, the German way was better, because it kept the army more "exclusive." We struck up a second friendship on the strength of Potsdam football, and of the girl, whose pictures and letters he insisted on showing me. By and by the love affair came to an end, because the young woman tired of his indefinite "dangling"; but the ice was broken between us, and it never froze up again. Leutnant von X—— was in full charge of my elder Prince in 1913, and had a good deal to do with the second one. The third child, who had been a sickly baby when I first came, was by this time the only one

of the three boys over whom I had sole supervision.

After reading General von Bernhardi's book, I often asked Leutnant von X—— what the German Army thought about the future of Germany, and I do not think he suspected in the least that I had any motive except "intelligent interest." He had come to look upon me as a family institution, and without telling lies in so many words, I allowed him to believe that I felt Germany's vast superiority over the rest of the world. It is a simple thing for any woman to make any German man believe this. The only difficult thing for him to understand is that a creature can be benighted enough to have a contrary opinion.

Leutnant von X—— admitted that the German army as well as navy prayed for "The Day." He thought that Germany could "walk through France," and she being far superior to Russia in every way, could not help but win in a war against that Power, even without the help of Austria. He seemed to feel contempt for Austria and everything Austrian compared with what was German, but he said "she can be useful to us." As for England, she might

be a tougher job, but it would "have to come," and with the improved Zeppelins (which England had been a "stupid-head" not to copy as well as she could) and the Krupp secrets, there was no doubt who would come out on top: Germany, the one Power on earth who deserved by her gloriousness to be over all others. America, too, eventually, must become Germanized, as Leutnant von X—— believed she was already well on the way to be with her growing German population, immense German financial interests, and influential newspapers. The plans for American conquest were already mapped out by the German War Office, who never left anything to chance. He said that this was no secret, or he would not mention it. There was once a hope that Germany and England might make a combination against the United States, but that had been abandoned, he said. Once I should have taken this for a joke, and also the expectation that when France was conquered (with Belgium thrown in as a matter of course) Antwerp and Dunkirk and Calais would all be German, becoming the strongest military ports in the world; but I had learned better now. I knew

that Leutnant von X——, who seldom originated any ideas of his own, was simply repeating to me the sort of talk he heard among his brother officers. It was useless to argue that England was not jealous of Germany. The one sure conviction seemed to be England's jealousy. England was for ever slyly and treacherously opposing every noble German aspiration. Sooner or later that would have to be stopped. And the sooner the better.

"You will marry a German and become one of us," Leutnant von X—— said one day when he was particularly friendly. I answered laughingly that one could never tell: I must wait till I was asked. And after that I think he was quite sure that my four years in Germany had spoiled me for living in England or America again.

One of the few arguments I ever ventured upon, or had the chance to venture upon, with a German of high intelligence, was with Professor Delbrück, the successor of Treitschke in the great University of Berlin. His home is not far away, and one day in the winter of 1913 he came to lunch with our Prince and Princess, and several other notable personages. He

outstayed the rest, some of whom were pressed to catch a train to which a special car was to be attached. The Princess told me afterwards that he asked to see the schoolroom, and seemed interested to hear that there was an English governess. I was very much impressed with his face, which though not handsome, absolutely beamed with intelligence, and his eyes sent out fire, like the eyes of a young man, though he must have been at the least sixty-two or three.

He began by paying me a one-sided sort of compliment. "You ought to have something wonderful about you," he said, "that our gracious Princess here should prefer you to any of the talented German women she could find near home. What is the speciality in which you are superior to us?"

The words sounded sarcastic, and I am inclined to think he meant them to be so; but his manner was so kind, and his eyes were so smiling that it would have been impossible to take offence. I said that I had no speciality, except that I was fond of children, and real affection always gave one a hold over them, I thought.

Upon this, Professor Delbrück, still with great gentleness, began to argue that, if affection gave power, German women should be more successful than those of any other race with children. They certainly cared more for them, or they would not have so many. "It is our women's love for children," he went on, "which gives us our inspiration to acquire new colonies. They love children. They produce many. And we must produce the colonies to put them in! We have everything in Germany that is good—except enough room."

I could not resist saying, as he seemed to be speaking for my benefit, that it was awkward about Germany coming on the scene rather late, when other people had got most of the best places.

"Ah, but only those who deserve can keep what they have!" he exclaimed. And he went on to prove that Germans deserved more than any other race, because they had more virtues and accomplishments. I made him enumerate some of the things in which Germany was so far ahead, and of course the first thing he said, as I might have known it would be, was "Music!"

He blurted it out so triumphantly that I longed to challenge the assertion. At first I did not see how I could do so, but as he continued to throw name after name at me, an idea came into my head.

"But all these great men you speak of belong to Germany only by accident," I argued.

Professor Delbrück looked at me as if I had gone mad.

"How do you support that statement?" he inquired.

"Because you haven't mentioned one name which is not that of a Jew," I answered. "Even Wagner had Jewish blood. It is not the Germans who are the great musicians of the world. It is the Jews."

Professor Delbrück looked rather angry for an instant. Then he smiled at me again. "You score one point," he said. "But the German Jews are greater than other Jews. That gives me my point."

I wasn't sure that it did: but I had no more to say.

I found that Germans always contrived to shut me up, and if they could do it in no other way, they succeeded by loudly talking one

down. Only a fishwife would have any hope of carrying a point over them at such times; and occasionally it was a little aggravating to be "downed" by a person one felt was a mental inferior.

Whether right or wrong, I did feel this in connection with most of the smart young officers I met. It seemed to me that the better born they were, the less they had thought it necessary to trouble about learning things, once they had worried through their army exams. Those I met in a social way were generally introduced to me by the Countess, and whenever I had been made acquainted with some new man, she always had some queer, often scandalous story to tell about him behind his back.

The handsomest one I ever saw, a lieutenant of Uhlans, was, according to the Countess, more admired by women than any other young officer in the army. She said that he was a great gambler, and would not be able to live if it were not for the presents he got from married women and girls who adored him. All these he sold; and there was a story that he even sold or pawned valuable rings he

"borrowed" and forgot to return. Still the ladies remained loyal.

When I said I could hardly believe such a shocking story, the Countess laughed, and remarked that it wasn't so bad, as the Kaiser himself had first set the example. "Everybody knows that he only borrowed the wonderful Palestine Bible in the Berlin museum. He will never give it back. He saw it in Syria, when he was there, and begged to be allowed to take it home to show to the savants. The guardians were very apologetic, but they had no authority to lend such a rare book, and dared not do so. Still the Emperor would not give it up. He sent again and again. Many people knew what was going on. When he could not get the men to consent, he tried to bully the museum authorities into buying the Bible, but it was worth nearly five million marks, and they couldn't afford it. At last the Kaiser induced the Sultan to use his influence. I think it was done through the German Ambassador and the Sultan's secretary. Anyhow, the book was sent all the way from the Mosque of Hazireh to Berlin, by a trusty messenger; and the Emperor pledged himself

to return it when the learned persons he wished to show it to had finished admiring it. Apparently they haven't finished yet, for the Bible is still in the museum."

"Perhaps the Kaiser has ordered the illuminations to be copied on new parchment," I suggested, "and will give the book back when that's done."

"Perhaps!" said the Countess. "But I'm not finding fault with the Kaiser. We all think he was quite right. A treasure like that was wasted at Hazireh, where hardly anybody goes. In Berlin people who know about such things make pilgrimages from far and near to worship at its shrine. The world ought to be grateful to our Kaiser."

The Countess did—and probably does still—sincerely admire the Emperor for nearly everything he does. She did not intend *lèse-majesté* by telling me such a story. Only one trait of the Emperor's really aggravated her, so far as I knew. She came back quite indignant from a picnic once, to which she had gone with our Princess, by invitation of the Kaiser and Kaiserin. "Strange that a great man can be so little!" she exclaimed. "He enjoys put-

ting people out of countenance. I was very sorry for one man to-day, Count von ——. The Kaiser kept watching for him to put something in his mouth, and then asked a question. It happened again and again. The poor fellow nearly choked and had tears in his eyes. Then the Kaiser tried the same trick on some of the women, but we were quicker about swallowing. I should have liked to box his ears ! "

Such a sacrilegious wish was almost worse than common *lèse-majesté*, and I am sure the Emperor would never have forgiven her if he had known : though the Countess is rather a favourite of his, because of her pretty face and her beautiful hands, which I have heard that the Kaiser admires more than any charm a woman can have. Perhaps it is because his own hands are so unattractive that he notices those of others.

The Countess told me she had heard from many people that during most of my last year in Germany, the Emperor and the Crown Prince were secretly almost at daggers drawn. For one thing, both the Kaiser and Kaiserin thought their grandchildren were not being brought up religiously enough : but there was

some reason still more serious than this for the dissension. The Countess said that officers she knew believed the Emperor and his eldest son had had a more than ordinary " row " over the political situation, the Prince thinking the time for war with Russia had come, before she could finish reorganizing her army; the Kaiser forbidding him to mention such an opinion even among intimate friends. I heard this from others also, and believe there was something in it. If half what I was told on this subject is true, it was not the Kaiser who willed the war: rather was he persuaded to accept the situation as " inevitable " — the everlasting word used in such a connection by Germans when they argue.

Early in the spring of 1914 I began to notice that a number of elderly officers of high rank met at the house of our Prince, both in Berlin and in P——. Until that time visits from highly placed men of the elder set had been rather few and far between. Our Prince had seemed only to care for and attract the younger, gayer ones, mostly those of the Crown Prince's set. But now it seemed as if the tastes of our Prince and the Crown Prince had become more serious,

at about the same time. Once the Crown Prince and General von Hindenburg came, not together, but apparently with the intention of meeting. I saw them with our Prince going into the smoking-room, as I was on the way out of doors with my pupils, after a consultation with the Princess about some photographic proofs of the children. She mentioned that no decision could be made, as her husband was engaged on important military business with Crown Prince Wilhelm and General von Hindenburg. If the Princess had not said this, I should not have known who the elderly, square-jawed, bold-eyed officer was, as I had never seen him before. He and the Crown Prince were facing the door, and spoke to the children, the little boys giving them a military salute, as they had been taught to do as soon as they were old enough to walk. I thought that perhaps my charges might be detained for a few words, but the two Princes and the General seemed rather preoccupied, so I hurried my charges on to get them out of the way. I can still recall quite vividly, however, the personality of General von Hindenburg, which stood out in the greatest possible contrast to

the two young and slender men, our Prince with his absent-minded smile, and the Crown Prince with his smart little moustache, and light-coloured animal-eyes that surprised one with their sudden goggling look. General von Hindenburg seemed to me all made of squares. Not only were his big, fighting jaws square: his head, with hair combed back *en brosse*, was square also. Even his eyes, under heavy, rather swollen lids, were square at the ends. His nose was square, his ears were square, and his huge moustache, which appeared to be artificially prolonged by a patch of beard let in to piece it out, was brushed out square on the square cheeks.

I asked the Countess why it was that "we" had suddenly become so serious-minded in "our" choice of guests. (That was our way of speaking confidentially about the doings of our betters: "we" and "us," as I have heard is the custom of the servants' hall!) She knew no more than I did about the matter, but she had more experience of her world than I had, and was more or less in the secrets of the Princess—or claimed to be. If "anything was going on," the Princess was in ignorance of it,

the Countess said. If she were in the mystery, she would be sure to let something drop, either inadvertently or because she was "bursting with it." The Countess's own opinion was, however, that the Crown Prince had some reason for wishing to meet certain men, at a house where his presence or theirs, together or apart, would not attract public attention. Very likely also, he did not want his Imperial father's attention to be focussed upon his activities.

In the month of April, 1914, the Countess came to me one evening in quite a twitter of excitement. The two youngest boys and the little Princess and I were just finishing our supper, which we always took together, and I invited the Countess to sit down. No, she could not, she said: she must go back to the Princess. She had only time to tell me that two of the best-looking men she had ever seen had arrived for the night. They had come from the Neues Palais, where they had been spending a night incognito, and they were to pay two more visits before their mission in Germany was finished. "You really must see them!" the Countess exclaimed. "Send and

ask Frau Z—— to come to the children. I will take you where you can have a peep at the visitors. Then you can try to guess who they are; but even if you guess right I mustn't say 'yes,' for I promised the Princess to tell no one."

Not being very used to children, the Countess always made the mistake of underrating their intelligence, and imagining them to be babies still when they had arrived at an age to be curious about everything made to seem mysterious.

"Pooh! I know who you are talking about," said my little sailor Prince. "It's Prince Mohammed Ali and Enver Bey. I heard mother and ——" (their name for the Kaiserin, who sometimes came and gave them chocolates) "talking about them this morning. Mother doesn't think they're so very handsome. She says Enver Bey is a Jew and the Prince looks like one. She can't bear Jews."

The Countess opened her eyes wide. "You *are* mistaken!" she said. "You have got things all mixed up. Prince Mohammed Ali is in Egypt or somewhere else just as far off, and Enver Bey is in Constantinople or some-

where. These men I am talking about are quite different persons."

"Anyhow, mother and —— were talking about them," my little Prince persisted. "And they're here."

"You had better not say that to anyone else," said the Countess, "or people will think you have been dreaming, or else that you are not a very clever boy."

I knew from her expression, however, that the little Prince knew what he was talking about, and I do not think that he was deceived by her protests, though the offer of a cake, which he had previously been refused, diverted his attention.

In spite of this little contretemps, the Countess was still anxious for me to see the "pair of handsome mysteries"; and when Frau Z—— had arrived, I was whisked away for a sight of them. I did not get it, however, for the gentlemen stayed longer than was expected, and the Countess's friendly plan for my benefit failed. I had to go back to the children before the visit ended. Nothing was said in my presence afterwards about the Egyptian Prince and the Young Turk leader. Even the Countess did not mention the

" mysteries " again. Perhaps she had had a renewed caution from the Princess, and regretted her little indiscretion. I thought a good deal about the alleged visit, incognito, of this curious couple, however. If they had really come in secret to Berlin and Potsdam, it seemed to me unlikely that it was an excursion of pleasure, and next to impossible that their arriving together could be a coincidence.

Not long after, and before I had forgotten this event, our Prince dashed in during one of our lessons, with his usual impetuosity and disregard for the children's " concentration hours." He had bought a new dog, and wanted the little boys to come and see it. At the door he turned back. " Oh, by the way, Miss ——," he said, " you know a good many American Admirals, I believe. Are you acquainted also with many English ones? "

My thoughts travelled back to Herr Steinhauer and his questionings. I wondered if the Prince now wanted introductions for someone. But no. When I had replied that I knew comparatively few British sailors of any rank, he asked: " Did you ever happen to meet an Admiral of the name of Limpus? "

I said no, but I had a friend in the Navy who had at one time served under Admiral Limpus.

"That is quite interesting to me," said the Prince, "because I have a protégé who is likely to come into contact with him, and I should be glad to hear what unofficial view English naval men have of the Admiral. The German official view we have already, from such men as our von Tirpitz, and Marschall von Bieberstein, who as you must remember died about two years ago. It is more difficult to get at the English view. Men of different countries do not talk freely to each other, no matter how cordial their relations may be. But you know us well enough now to be sure that we have the kindest feelings to the English. That is why we value their opinions about their own men more than we do what we can learn on our side. Please write to your friend who has served under Admiral Limpus, and ask if naval men personally consider him a strong man, or more what you would call a good figurehead. You can rely on me, I hope, to treat anything you tell me in the strictest confidence."

I said that of course I could do so, and I

would write to my friend immediately. "I suppose I had better not mention that your Highness has inquired?" I added, though I was almost certain he would tell me not to bring him into the affair.

He answered, however, that it really mattered very little: he would leave it to my judgment. But, on second thoughts, it would be as well to leave him out, as the mention of his name might lead my friend to misconstrue the purely private and unofficial nature of the inquiry. This word "unofficial" the Prince repeated several times, as if to impress it upon me: and his manner during the whole short scene was careless and off-hand. I felt that he wanted me to understand that the matter was of no real importance, and that I had been appealed to quite incidentally. Before my acquaintance with Herr Steinhauer I should have thought very little about such a small affair, especially as the Prince, when he spoke to me at all, had often taken refuge in questions about well-known English men and women, asking my humble opinion of them apparently more for the sake of something to say to a person outside his sphere, than because he cared for my

answers. Now, however, I had become vaguely suspicious of little things which once would have passed out of my recollection in a few hours.

I did write to my friend that same day, asking not only for the general opinion on Admiral Limpus, as a man and an officer, but what reason there was, if any, for Germans to be interested in him. The answer, which came within a week, said: "The only reason I can think of why Germans should interest themselves in Admiral Limpus, is his present position of supervisor of the Turkish Navy."

I felt again that, as the Countess so often said, "something was up," and that the "something" might be connected with the visit to Germany of Mohammed Ali and Enver Bey—if indeed my precocious sailor Prince had not misunderstood his mother. When I found an opportunity of letting his Highness know that I had received a letter from my friend in the Navy, I made the description of Admiral Limpus even more enthusiastic and complimentary than it had been. The Prince listened with the rather lackadaisical look he puts on when he is really more interested than he cares to show; but I

thought as I went on that his bored expression changed to one of displeasure. At the end of what I had to tell, his only comment was, "Thank you, Miss B——. Very nice of you to take this trouble!"

XII

THE Princess asked me to put off my summer holiday until the 15th of August: and towards the end of May I went with the two younger boys, their girl cousin, and Frau Z—— (who was nurse to the smallest boy also since the death of Mrs. M——) to the Schwarzwald. Two days later the doctor and Leutnant von X—— followed, in charge of the eldest Prince; and a tutor came with them, a seemingly mild, professorial-looking young man but a fire-eater if anyone differed with him in a political argument.

I still had my one afternoon a week of freedom, even in the country, and as there was nothing more exciting to do, I took long walks alone, often stopping to talk to the peasants with whom I had become quite friendly already in other years. I suppose that the longer I stayed in Germany, the more like a German had I learned to talk, and the simple

country folk in the neighbourhood of the Schloss hardly thought of the little Princes' governess as a foreigner, I fancy. I remembered their babies' names, and whether their old grandparents suffered from rheumatism or asthma, a trick I had learned from English country life: and I believe some of the kindly, brown-faced women of the Schwarzwald, who looked middle-aged when young, ancient crones when middle-aged, were quite attached to the governess of the "princely children." I had not been a week at the Schloss when I heard from one of the peasant women with soldier sons that a great deal depended on the next harvest, because afterwards would come the war.

"What war?" I asked the first of these.

"Oh, my boys say it will be with Russia, and that means with the French too, but not with England. She is our friend now. He says the officers talk about it, and it gets to the men from the mess attendants. Russia is arming against us, so we cannot wait much longer; but they are going to let us get the harvest in. Nothing will happen to us here in the forest. We shall not know there is a

war, except that some of our men will go to fight. They say it will not take long. By spring next year we shall settle down again in peace."

The woman spoke with complete conviction, and calm confidence: and when I heard the same statement—war after harvest—from another of my friends, whose great treasure was a pile of picture postcards from her soldier, it was made in the same commonplace, stoical manner. I laughed at them both, and said there would be no war: nobody wanted war: but I did not convince them. Their soldier sons were oracles: and the husbands took the thing for granted too: war in the autumn, a war that would last through the winter at most. I thought my poor friends stupid and bigoted folk, and laughed to Leutnant von X——, who pulled his moustache, and said that they were pig idiots, such people. Soldiers who spread stories like that, from mess jokes, ought to be shot, but they were all the same: you would have to shoot half the army if you took notice of the silly gabble the common fellows passed on to their "families." When war was ready to come, it would come, and it

would find the Fatherland also ready, for Germany knew only too well the jealous spirit of the world. War might be forced upon her, but it would never take her by surprise. The sword was always in her hand, as the provokers of trouble would find.

I was a little astonished that an officer should take my tittle tattle seriously, but it was quite evident that he was annoyed. I put this down to the fact that Leutnant von X—— was, like most of his comrades in arms, lacking in a sense of humour. Still, I was sorry I had spoken, for fear he might find out who the two offending soldiers were, and make them regret the looseness of their tongues. I soothed him and hoped that he would forget: yet somehow I could not forget: and my bump of memory was stimulated by a sketch made by Leutnant von X—— during a very animated conversation he had with the doctor a few days later. They were drinking their "Nachmittags Kaffee," and smoking on a balcony, which runs along the windows of two rooms, one fitted up as a schoolroom, the other a small sitting-room used by the eldest of the little Princes and his governor, Leutnant von X——. One of those

ugly painted iron tables which Germans like, stands between the sitting-room window and one of those in the schoolroom. It was a windy day, and as I opened the schoolroom door a rush of air blew into the room two or three sheets of writing-paper. They fluttered to my feet along the floor, through the long window—and I picked them up, with the sole idea of keeping the place tidy. On one bit of paper, however, I saw a roughly drawn map of Europe with Holland and Belgium and the French coast down through Calais all made into one with Germany. The sketch was done with a red and blue pencil such as Leutnant von X—— used in correcting military maps made by the boys, and the handwriting was his. Eventually he seemed to have changed his mind, and confined the new German possessions in France to Dunkirk!

Almost immediately the lieutenant himself appeared at the window, looking rather sheep-faced when he saw the paper in my hand. "The doctor and I have been amusing ourselves," he explained, "by re-making Europe."

"So I see," said I, giving him back the sheet of paper.

Of course it was nonsense about the map. Any German child might have drawn it in a conceited moment; but that night I wrote a long letter to an old friend of mine in England, who had spent ten years in Berlin, in the banking world. I told him I had heard that Enver Bey and Prince Mohammed Ali had come incognito to Germany, and had met at the Emperor's Neues Palais in Potsdam, as well as at our Prince's house. I felt bound to explain that I had this story only on the authority of a small child, who might have misunderstood what was being said by two elders (I had known that to happen before): but all the same I had some reason to fancy he had *not* misunderstood. I told also what I had heard the two mothers of soldiers say; that war between Russia and Germany and perhaps France, was coming "after the harvests were in." I added the little story of the map drawn with Leutnant von X——'s pencil with blue and red ends, and said that ever since winter a good many important officers had lunched and dined *chez nous*, occasionally meeting the Crown Prince. "Is there anything in this worth taking note of?" I asked. And I

mentioned Herr Steinhauer; and also the conversation about Admiral Limpus.

When my wise old friend wrote back that he thought I need give myself no uneasiness, because Germans of the military set always did, and always would, find their chief pleasure in discussing war, I was rather ashamed of my scaremongering. As for the visit of Prince Mohammed Ali, and Enver Bey, "the new Siegfried," he did not believe in it. I felt as if I had been acting like a silly, gossipy old maid, in telling tales of my employers, and things I had seen or heard in their houses. I decided that I would not be so foolish again. The coming of the British Squadron to Kiel, and the Kaiser's hoisting his Admiral's flag on board the *King George V*, on June 25, made me see myself more than ever in the light of a suspicious idiot: but three days later followed the murder of Archduke Ferdinand with his wife at Sarajevo: and after that things began to happen which turned me round like a weathercock.

I was still with the children in the Black Forest, and the Prince and Princess were expected to arrive for a flying visit on the 29th,

but they telegraphed that they could not come. We all discussed the assassination, and the doctor, a devout Catholic and an admirer of the Archduke, anathematized the murderer and all "socialists," incidentally all Serbs as well. The lieutenant, while agreeing about the Serbs, whom he called a "race of wild dogs," thought it not a bad thing for Germany that the Archduke Ferdinand, "the reactionary," had been put out of the way just at that time. "This will give room for great things to happen, through the punishment of Serbia," he said, on the day the news came to the Schloss.

On the morning of the 31st, as my diary tells me, Leutnant von X—— received a telegram, and at the hour of afternoon coffee he asked permission to bid me good-bye. I was very much surprised, as I had heard nothing about his going away, and said that I hoped he had not had bad news.

"No, no, it is good news," he answered, shaking hands with me. "I am ordered to rejoin my regiment, and I cannot regret that, though I shall miss my happy days of peaceful work, and I shall miss my young soldier, the Prince—my sailor too; and, of course, *you*,

gnädiges Fräulein," he added perfunctorily, with one of his stiff, military bows over my hand.

"But won't you come back to the little Princes?" I asked. "After the Kaiser Manœuvres in the autumn, perhaps?" (He had gone away before this, for the Kaiser Manœuvres.)

The lieutenant shook his head. "Ah, the *Kaiser Manœuvres!*" he exclaimed, with emphasis, excitement suddenly lighting up his blue eyes. "After the Kaiser Manœuvres I think, gnädiges Fräulein, that I shall be busier than ever with my regiment."

He had the air of one who is bursting with wonderful news, but would rather die than tell it. I supposed then that the news concerned himself; but now I fancy that what he was thinking about at that moment was of more universal interest.

The two elder boys were very emotional over the lieutenant's departure. They liked and admired him next to their father (or so they said when he had gone), and their tutor was not at all a person who would appeal to their warlike tastes.

Something had happened to upset the

summer plans of our Prince and Princess, and I thought very likely it was the political situation which began to develop after the murder of the Archduke and his wife. Our Prince likes to believe himself of an equal importance in political and army circles, when he is in a mood to take himself seriously, and it seemed quite natural that he should not want to be paying visits of pleasure or taking cures at gay watering-places, at such a time. I was astonished, however, to receive a summons by telegram to come with the children the next week to the house at P——. This order affected the doctor and tutor, of course, as well as Frau Z——, and the servants of the children's little suite. July 6 saw us settled "at home" again, and I learned why we had been sent for. The Prince was going to Breslau, possibly to be absent for some time, and wished to bid the boys good-bye. The Princess looked rather delicate and fagged, and was not going with her husband. The Countess also seemed somewhat below par, or "piano," as she expressed it; and I took advantage of our friendly relations to inquire, in her own favourite language, "Is anything *up?*"

When we asked each other this stock question we always did it in rather a theatrical way, like stage villains, in a whisper, but for once the Countess was not communicative. She said she did not know. She thought the assassination of the poor Archduke, and his nice, charming wife, leaving those children alone, had got on everybody's nerves. Perhaps this was true. Anyhow, instead of having one unostentatious plain clothes detective lurking at a discreet distance when we went out—the children and I—we had two. I knew both their faces, though they were good about keeping out of the way as much as possible.

The boys had quite an affecting farewell with their father, evidently. The Prince rather disliked the youngest, because he was not as good-looking as the older ones, but this time a sudden affection for the child seemed to have sprung up in the parental heart. The little fellow was bathed in tears when his father had gone, and even his elders took it seriously, though it seemed nothing for a man so fond of dashing about here and there as the Prince, to make a journey to Breslau or some frontier place on the border of Russia. The mystery

of the good-bye was soon explained, however, for it appeared that the children were not to stay at P——. We were to go to Schloss —— on the Rhine, my first visit there since the summer of my arrival in Germany. I believe now that we were hurried off there, after the farewell, in order to be out of the way.

The day before we started, the little Princes had quite a reception of officers, mostly young ones. All these men were going away, somewhere or other. The political situation might have accounted for their excitement, if they had not all been particularly jolly. I did not ask the Countess any more questions, but when we had got to the Rhine and were quietly settled in our old quarters, I confess that I catechized the children cautiously. "Why are so many of the officers going away?" I said to the eldest of the three little Princes, who considered himself very grown up, since he had gone entirely out of my charge into that of a governor and tutor. "Are they to have manœuvres?"

He answered scornfully, as to a woman who cannot be expected to have much sense about military matters. "Of course they won't

have manœuvres till the right time comes! But they've got to hurry and be ready to fight the Russians."

"Who told you that?" I inquired.

"Nobody told me," he said, "but I hear them talking about the Russians building railways and mobilizing their army. There'll have to be a war in a few weeks. Then all the men will go. I wish I were a man! Father said on my birthday, they'd try to wait till I was eighteen, so I could be in it, but now he says that was a joke. It's the Russians' fault. They've made it come too soon."

Only a child, talking child's talk! But I knew—and often to my regret and disgust—how freely the Prince talked on all sorts of subjects before the boys, and even their cousin, who is now growing out of childhood into an extremely observant "*Backfisch*" or flapper. Murders, adulteries, divorces, scandals and horrors of every sort were often retold to me by her and by the boys in differing versions, but always from the same source. The Princess, who used to try her best to stop this sort of thing when I was new in her service, and when the children were very young, gave

it up as hopeless long before I left. I realized that prudence in discussing " war and rumours of war " was no more to be expected than reticence in other matters where the children were concerned, although the fact that I might hear things not intended at the moment for Anglo-American ears might have given pause to a person less erratic than his Highness. That was really the only thing which made me wonder, for it did not occur to me then that any watch was being kept upon me and my movements. Later I saw clearly that this must have been the case, and I have no doubt that the precaution must have been suggested by someone outside, possibly the Prince's " friend " Herr Steinhauer, for, to do them justice, the Prince and Princess still seem to me not the sort of people to think of such a thing. My theory now is that one of the detectives engaged to guard the children during their stay at Schloss —— (a new arrangement, as, so far as I know, we had never before had even one detective in the country) had also the duty of watching me. One of these men travelled in the same train with us to the Rhine. His face I recognized : but I do not doubt now

that we had another detective in the castle, acting as a servant, very likely a lakai.

I quite missed the companionship of Leutnant von X——, which shows how dull we were at Schloss ——. The tutor was worse than no one, and was shy and gauche. The doctor we never saw, except for half an hour, twice a day, when it was his duty to inquire into the state of the children's health, and occasionally for longer if one of them were under the weather. We had a few visitors, however: some from the neighbourhood, but more from officers who were hurrying off somewhere, or just back from somewhere. They seldom stayed more than a few minutes, and I got no more out of them than a stiff bow with a click of the heels on arriving or departing, and a few perfunctory words. But these calls were a great source of satisfaction to the eldest Prince, who took them entirely for himself, and always accompanied the visitor (if an officer, not otherwise) to the very gates of the castle domain. He let his younger brother, my sailor Prince, go with him on these excursions, only upon sufferance, and never the "Baby," who howled at being left behind.

On July 15 we received a short call from the officer who had attended the Kaiser nearly five years ago when I first saw him. Again he came out to the *Kegelbahn*, and reminded me of the former occasion, being much more talkative now that he was unaccompanied by an August Personage. He had a message from the latter, however, for the boys; and remembering the Zeppelin game inquired about it. He informed us that he had been ordered to our neighbourhood on a special mission, but was returning to Potsdam the next day.

The Zeppelin game we had not brought with us to Schloss ——, as there was no Leutnant von X—— to help the boys play; besides, it was no longer a novelty, and made a bulky addition to the children's luggage. The eldest Prince considered himself too old to play at soldiers, now that he had been "promoted," but the younger ones were still devoted to them, so they were among the toys sent on from P——. On the 15th of July, after the visit of the officer I have just mentioned, the eldest boy remembered the Zeppelin game, and regretted that we had not got it with us. He could have managed it very well himself, he

said, now that he was older, and the "children" (so he called his brothers) could have had a good play with the soldiers marching on St. Petersburg while he manœuvred the Zeppelins.

"Why St. Petersburg particularly?" I asked.

"Oh, I dare say we shall be getting there soon," he said, in a lordly way.

That same afternoon, the soldiers, which had not yet been unpacked, were called for by the younger boys, and were carried out to the favourite playing place in the *Kegelbahn*, by footmen. I was reading on a seat just outside, and paid no attention to what was going on, until coffee was brought for me, and fresh milk for the children. Then I went into the *Kegelbahn*, where the eldest boy and his girl cousin were both superintending the younger Princes' game. The big boy had scrawled with chalk on the wooden floor a rough and far from accurate map of Europe, and the little ones were in the act of over-running not only France but Belgium with German and Austrian armies.

"For goodness' sake, what are you doing that for, you little vandals?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, they've got to hurry up before they start after the Russians," explained the eldest Prince, who was evidently responsible for the strategic operations. "So we've brought the Austrians to help and get it over quickly before the Russians finish mobilizing."

"But you must not go through Belgium," I said. "Hasn't Leutnant von X—— told you that Germany and the other Powers guarantee her neutrality? That means that no country can send soldiers into her territory."

"Of course he has told me," said the eldest boy, "but it's different now, because the French had a secret plan to surprise us by coming through Belgium, and we had to go there ourselves to get ahead of them. It's no harm. Belgium is letting us pass through, and we'll pay her and Luxembourg a lot of money."

"Is that your own idea," I asked, "or has somebody told you to play like this?"

"Nobody told me how to play with these soldiers. They weren't thinking about them. But that's what is really going to happen," the child answered. "All the officers know it."

I said no more; but I could not help thinking that, child's play as it was, there was something very serious and even very definite in the background. I made up my mind there and then, that I would risk a snub for meddling where I had no business, and write to *somebody*.

At first I could not decide who the somebody ought to be. I thought of Lady —— in England, through whose influence I had come to Germany. But her husband was dead, and I did not know if a letter to her would be useful. That night, thinking it over, it occurred to me that I might better address the British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Edward Goschen, telling him who I was, what was my position, what I had heard during the last few months, and in what way I had heard it. Already I had been laughed at for my pains by my old friend in England, who knows Germany almost as well as an Ambassador could know it: but this game of over-running Belgium with soldiers, at a time when all Europe seemed engaged in trying to keep the peace between Servia and Austria, had given me a kind of panic. I did not know Sir Edward Goschen, or anyone in the British Embassy; but I thought, if I

mentioned the names of some of my relatives, English and American, stating also where I had been employed for years past at home and in Germany, he would at least give me credit for honesty and good intentions.

XIII

Now I have to record a very stupid act on my part.

I wrote my letter, getting out of bed and spending two hours of the night in drafting and re-drafting it. Then, in the morning, instead of having the good sense to run out early, and post the letter myself at the post office down in the village, I put it with the other mail to go from the castle. There was a table, in an ante-room at the top of the tower stairs on the first floor, where one was supposed to put letters in time for the morning and evening posts. From there, they were taken up by a servant and sent to the post office, as the castle has no private one of its own. I had not the remotest suspicion, as I have already said, that I was being watched, and indeed until then had done nothing to deserve it, except perhaps writing that other letter, to England. But I see now (as I ought

to have seen then) that the very fact of my being a foreigner employed in houses where official secrets were flying about at a critical time, made me worth watching. And of course the name of the British Ambassador on an envelope must have been a challenge to a professional observer.

I was a good deal excited about this letter, and what the result of it might be. I half expected an acknowledgment from the British Ambassador, and perhaps an assurance that there was nothing really disquieting in the political situation. Day after day passed, however, without bringing any answer, and at first I was a little inclined to be hurt. I thought it was rather humiliating, after what I had done, to be taken no notice of. But I tried to soothe my pride by reflecting that perhaps Sir Edward Goschen had feared to send a reply, in case it might be seen and get me into trouble.

It seemed to me most unlikely that any letter coming to me would attract attention at Schloss ——, whatever might have happened at Berlin or P—— where there were gossipy people about. Still, that might have been the

idea at the Embassy: and in this connection the thought did pass through my mind that my letter to Sir Edward Goschen might for some reason never have reached him. I thought of spies in the post office. I did not think of one in the house.

Our life at Schloss —— continued to be very quiet and uneventful. The only thing of a disturbing nature that happened, was the sudden stopping of the Princess's letters and telegrams to me. She was in the habit, when I was away with the children, of writing me a short letter of a few hasty, rather scrawling lines, in English, once a week, and occasionally sending me a longer one written in German by a secretary. Generally, too, at least one long telegram came for me every six or seven days, with directions forgotten in the last letter. I expected to hear from her about the 17th of July, but was disappointed; and the children also missed their weekly letter from Mamma. Instead there came a telegram intended for all three of the boys, but in it there was no message for me.

On the 24th Frau Z—— had the honour of receiving a dictated letter from the Princess,

with her Highness's signature. She came proudly to tell me of this, as it was quite an event in her life. I do not think that, until then, the Princess had once written directly to her, or even dictated the shortest note, since I had taken service in the family. Still, I did not think the Princess's silence towards me either very strange or at all alarming. She mentioned to Frau Z—— that she was suffering a good deal from nervous headaches: and in the long, detailed account of the children's progress and health, which I posted that day (as usual twice a week) I ventured to say how sorry I was to hear that she was suffering.

One Berlin daily paper and several weekly illustrated ones always came to us at Schloss ——, as in the Schwarzwald, and I was more than ever interested in the news at this time. The doctor and the tutor saw them first on arrival in the morning, as is considered a man's right in Germany: and also I took in a London daily, and *The Ladies' Field.* These always came regularly; but on the 28th of July no papers were brought to me. I asked for them, but was told by the new footman who served

the boys, that for some reason no newspapers had arrived. I was disappointed, but fancied there had been some delay in the trains; and it was only when the papers did not come either that night or next morning, that I began to think it extraordinary. Even then, however, I did not dream that the non-arrival of the newspapers had anything personally to do with me.

I inquired of the tutor what was happening in the world, but he had either seen no papers, or lied in saying that he had seen none. The doctor said that it was odd about the papers not coming, and he would himself inquire at the post office: but that evening when he paid his second visit of inspection to the children, he admitted that he had forgotten. He had seen several people during the day, however, he added, and no one had had any interesting news to give him, so we might take it for granted that things were very quiet.

This conspiracy of silence must have meant that everybody with whom I came in contact in the house, had been secretly put upon guard. Even with Frau Z—— this must have been the case: and I feel convinced that a bilious attack

which prostrated her on my free afternoon that week, must have been planned and suggested to her as a means of keeping me in the house. She sent a message, begging for some of my sal volatile; and would I bring it to her myself. I did so, of course, without the slightest suspicion of anything underhand: and complaining of great misery, she hinted so openly for me to sit with her, that I offered to do so, and read aloud to her from a novel she was interested in, until she fell asleep, or else pretended to doze.

I saw no papers, received no letters, and heard no outside news from July 28th till the morning of August 4th. On that day a knock came at my door before I was up, and woke me with a start. It was very early, only six thirty: but in another fifteen minutes I should probably have waked of my own accord, and begun dressing. My first thought was that one of the children might be ill, and I had quite a shock when I saw that it was Frau Z—— who had rapped.

"Is anything the matter with the children?" I asked in a panic.

"No, gnädiges Fräulein, they are well," said

Frau Z——. "It is only to tell you that his Excellency Count von ——" (an elderly uncle of the Princess who often visited in P——) "has arrived. He came late last night in an automobile; and he now presents his compliments and wishes to see you as soon as possible."

I was still frightened. "Has he brought bad news of the Prince or Princess?" I inquired, for her face looked grave and worried.

"I do not think so," Frau Z—— answered. "I believe it is some private business with you, gnädiges Fräulein, some instructions from the Princess, perhaps. His Excellency wished to see you early, for he has to go away, and it will be better to finish before the children are running about the house. I was requested to call you myself: but now I must go back and see that they do not disturb his Excellency and you. It is in the white salon that he will speak with you, gnädiges Fräulein, not the schoolroom."

From the moment she told me who had arrived and wished to see me in private, at that hour of the morning, I had a strong presentiment of trouble, but I could not imagine what form it would take. I con-

nected the visit with the Princess's failure to write me, and I tried to think what I could have done, or not done, to displease her.

I dressed in a hurry, and of course without waiting for coffee, went down to the charming room which would have been a boudoir for the mistress of the castle, had she ever come to stay there. It is a long way from the school-room, and all other parts of the house used by the children and their little suite.

XIV

I HAD got ready so quickly that I expected to be ahead of the Count, but I found him waiting for me. He is an elderly, stout, and somewhat stupid man, but one of the most polite I ever saw, and rather kind-hearted, I had always thought.

He was standing by one of the two windows, looking out over the Rhine, his fat, pink hands behind him, and the back of his large flat head looking very bald and rose-coloured in contrast with the dazzling white walls. Being slightly deaf, he did not turn till I spoke. Then he wheeled round quickly, and bowed, but with an exceedingly solemn face, not a vestige of the good-natured, rather unmeaning smile he always had for the little Princes and their governess.

"I have come on a painful errand," he began at once, without any preamble. He spoke in German, as he does not know a

word of English. "I am here at the request of my niece, who has sought my advice, in the absence of the Prince her husband. It was thought best for me to see you myself, instead of sending someone outside the family. The journey has been inconvenient, but I felt with my niece that it was the right thing. Fräulein ——, I regret to say it has come to our knowledge that you, in this time of national trial, have seen fit to abuse the confidence of the Prince and Princess, your employers, who for five years have treated you as a friend."

I was absolutely stricken dumb by his words, and his manner of saying them. Everything spun round before me, and I was afraid I was going to fall. But I got back my self-control enough to stammer that I did not know what he meant. "There must be some dreadful mistake."

"Unfortunately there is no mistake," the Count replied. "It has been proved that you attempted to convey secret information to an enemy of our country and therefore of our house. Miss ——, you took advantage of the trust placed in you to act as a spy."

It all rushed over me then. I knew he could mean but one thing—the letter I had sent on the 16th to the British Ambassador. I realized that it must have been stopped, in the house or at the post office, and that it had certainly not been allowed to reach Sir Edward Goschen. Before waiting to reflect whether it was best or not, I said straight out, "Do you mean the letter I wrote to the British Ambassador?"

"It is not obligatory on me to answer any questions, and I do not intend to do so," the Count answered. "My errand here is to take the Princes and their cousin away with me to another place where my niece will meet them, and their suite will immediately follow. The Princess's message to you is that she is grieved as well as shocked by your conduct. It would be too painful for her to meet you again; and it has been arranged that for the present you will remain here. She is in no way bound to do so, after your treachery, but the Princess wishes me to pay you the sum owing for the last month of your service, and another month in advance. I will hand you the money. And you will

retire to your rooms, if you please, without attempting to see the children. That cannot be permitted. I will myself make explanations to them. And you should be thankful to the kindness of your gracious employer, for not permitting you to be handed over to the police as a common spy."

The Count's voice began trembling with indignation as he went on, working himself up more and more with each sentence, until finally he stood glaring at me like a bull.

This made me forget that I was not quite guiltless, and all the feelings of sorrowful regret, which wrung my heart at his first words, were turned to anger and bitterness. I began to defend myself, saying that I had not in any sense of the word been a spy. I had learned things which I thought my own country had a right to know, and naturally I put patriotism ahead of everything else. Still, I had not done what could harm Germany, or my employers.

All I said only made the old Count more angry. He interrupted, and tried not to let me finish, bursting out into a tirade against England and English people. We were

treacherous: we always had been the serpents of Europe, and now in our vile jealousy we had plotted against Germany. We had stirred up Russia to attack her: Russia had been mobilizing for weeks. We had egged Belgium on to resist Germany's friendly passage through the country, where France would have been in ahead of her if she had kept her eyes shut one day longer. And now England had declared war!

This was the first I had heard of it, and I realized instantly that the papers had been kept away from me by design. I saw also why the Princess's letters had ceased. I guessed that I had been watched for many days, and that even some of the servants—at any rate Frau Z—— must have known what was going on.

I kept my head just enough to stand up for England, and say that I was sure it was *she* who had been taken by surprise, not Germany: but the Count broke in again, shouting that what I said was nonsense. The Ambassador Goschen had known all along. He had sent away some of his German domestics weeks before and had not troubled to

engage others. This alone was a proof he had been aware that he would soon be leaving Berlin.

I had no confutation for this, because I knew nothing about the Ambassador's household; so I turned my attention to my own personal affairs, and told the Count that if the little Princes were to be taken from me I would not stay on at Schloss ——. I had committed no crime. The only thing I had done was to write a letter mentioning certain things which I thought my country ought to be informed of. No one had a right to keep me. I would accept only the money for time already given, not the month in advance: and within two hours after my charges left, I would leave too.

At this, the Count calmed down a little, and stopped raving about the wickedness of England. He said that in the eyes of the law, as it was in Germany, I had been guilty of crime: that if I were an ordinary governess in an ordinary family, I should be handed over to the police; but that, in spite of all I had done, the Princess had a regard for me, and for the children's sake she wished

me to be protected. All aliens, men or women, would probably soon be sent to concentration camps, and that would be the best fate that could befall me, if it were not for the Princess's kindness. As a spy, I could be arrested: as a mere alien of an enemy country I could be interned, but instead of that, I was to be mercifully kept in the castle, not as a prisoner, but as a guest under observation.

Even if I were allowed to go away, which I most certainly would not be after showing myself a dangerous person, I could not get out of the country. Every available train was being used for mobilization. No ordinary passengers were travelling, and they would not travel for many days to come, perhaps weeks. But it was not likely the war would last long. In a fortnight the German army would be at the gates of Paris: and when France was on her knees, the conquerors would rush back to face Russia on her frontiers. Meanwhile the Austrians would be at work. When the war was over, I should be at liberty to go home and tell as many lies about my protectors as I chose, but not till then.

All the old man's characteristic politeness was swept away, like autumn leaves from a tree in the first fierce wind of winter. I saw him stripped bare of his manners; and I learned one more last lesson about the Prussian Junker.

There was nothing for me to do, if I wished to keep a shred of dignity, but submit for the time being. I knew that, even if I made a scene, I should not be able to get away, so I proceeded to make the best of things as they were. I accepted the monthly portion of my small salary, which the Count laid on a table; and, bidding him good morning, I went back to my room. I believe he was disappointed because I did not have a fit of hysterics and implore him to let me have one last glimpse of the children. No doubt he thought my silence on that subject hard-hearted and unwomanly. It was neither, as a matter of fact. I would have given a great deal to see the boys again, but I was too proud to beg a favour which I was sure would not be granted.

Even Frau Z—— did not dare to come and say good-bye to me, though I think she would

have liked to. What was said about me to the children I do not know, and suppose I never shall know. My last knowledge of them was the sound of an automobile, probably the Count's, taking them out of my life for ever. As my window did not look out that way I could not see them go.

Until I felt sure my dear little Princes were out of the castle, I could not compose my mind to make any plans; but between eleven and twelve a breakfast tray was brought me by an extremely nice maid, named Margarethe. I don't doubt that she and all the rest had been warned that I was a spy, who must be watched and treated with stern justice: nevertheless her manner was sympathetic. She said she had heard I was ill, and would have to remain, though her Highness had sent for the children in a great hurry. Certainly this was not far from the truth. I felt prostrated by what had happened; and the woman's kindly words gave me an idea.

I let myself look as ill as I felt, or perhaps even a little worse, and refused breakfast, for the sake of realism. Margarethe (I wish she might see this!) was still more sympathetic,

and pointed to a letter, almost hidden by a napkin. It was a note from the Count, saying that, by the Princess's express desire, which he had forgotten to mention, I was not to be confined to my rooms, but was to consider myself free to walk about the house and garden. Outside the gate I must not go; and (the Count hinted on his own account) if I attempted to do so, I would find it useless. Eventually, when the right time came, I should be assisted over the frontier into Holland: and before leaving, any letters or papers which arrived meanwhile from England or America, would be handed to me.

From what I have heard since reaching home, it seems to me now that, compared to the experiences of many others, I got off very easily. But I was indignant at the time, and spent most of my hours, by day and night, trying to think how I might escape.

My story of what I found out being told, I feel that the interest has gone (for any others than myself and friends) from my experiences. I will tell the sequel, therefore, as briefly as I can.

I did not weaken in my resolve to feign

illness, but ate as little as I could to sustain life in my body, and keep enough strength to have hope of carrying out my plan. In spite of permission to do so, I did not leave the floor on which my two rooms were situated: and eating next to nothing, I lost colour and flesh. After six weeks of this wretched existence, I was rewarded by seeing that my illness was believed to be genuine. No German woman in normal health could, I am sure, have resisted the cravings of hunger half so long: which was convincing.

On the 15th of September, after midnight, I dressed myself very plainly, and carrying nothing with me except what money I had, my diary, and an old passport from the United States to Italy (used before taking up my last engagement in England) I took advantage of the slackness of supervision, and walked out of the castle. The only difficulty was at the old-fashioned door, which had many bolts and a huge lock and key, and again at the gates: but Germans sleep soundly after their beer. I walked for miles, in the direction of Coblenz, the nearest large town, not going near the railway, but keeping to the roads.

I knew that search for me would begin in the morning, about eight o'clock, the hour when coffee was brought to the "invalid": but by six o'clock I had changed my identity. I did this by calling at the house of a peasant, and, making an excuse of the pouring rain, bought for a good price a long brown cloak. Farther on, in a lonely spot, I got rid of my hat, which I hid in some bushes. I then tied round my head a large coloured handkerchief, bought in a village shop. This did not make me at all conspicuous in the country, where at a glance I passed as a peasant. At another shop I purchased a "priest's umbrella," and later I collected a few odds and ends: a night-gown, brush and comb, etc., which I tied up in another still larger handkerchief than I wore on my head. The good German I have learned stood me very well. At noon I stopped at an inn, where I told the landlady that I was on the way to Coblenz to say good-bye to my brother, a soldier, before he left for France with his regiment. Fortunately I knew one of the regiments there, and my story had a true enough ring.

All that day I walked, and part of the night,

only stopping a short time for supper and a rest. The next day I repeated the programme. Then I arrived at Coblenz, which I found full of soldiers, and where I heard a lot of German war news. I tried not to believe a word of it. At Coblenz, after a day and night's delay, I got on board a Rhine steamer, third class. I dared not try to take a ticket to Rotterdam, fearing there would be trouble for a person of my peasant-like appearance to get out of Germany into Holland. I went to Emmerich, the frontier town, and there bought a hat and shed my cloak. Instead of my bundle, I got myself a cheap travelling bag. Then I ventured to become an American tourist, caught by the war in Germany. My passport, old as it was, bore my name, and showed that it had been signed and sealed in Washington. I had an awful moment of dread that my name might have been given to the police by the Count or the Princess, after my escape from Schloss ——: but if it had, the Emmerich authorities were not informed.

After a good deal of military red tapeism, I got out of the dull little place and went by river to Rotterdam. There, I was really

ill for a few days, and recuperated drearily in a small hotel only fit for sailors. In October I arrived safely in London, with my diary, and very little else except five years' memories.

THE END

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., S.E.,
AND BUNGAY SUFFOLK.

00099237

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 20 February, 2020